CIRCULATION LAST WEEK
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Poetry.

A PRAYER.

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon:
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer the spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.
—Charles Edwin Markham,
in the November Scribner's.

THE GOBLIN'S PARTY.

The Grisly Grum and the Wam-bel-lee Woo
And the fierce old Ketch-a-boy Man
Got together one day in a dark, lonesome way,
A nice little party to plan.
The party came off in the Wirebrier wood,
And the big Boo-boo was there,
And the Silly-go-lump, with the two story bump,
Came creeping forth out of his lair.
The Hip-pi-o-hop-pi-o-nos-si-ri-nos,
And the pink eyed Pi-li-cum-blame;
The monstrous Miff and the Billy-go-biff,
And the Snip-snap-siz-zor all came.
The supper was served in remarkable style;
There were fricasees, roasts and plain stews
Made of girls and of boys full of mischief and noise,
Who advice of their parents refuse.
The party broke up at an hour very late,
And all of the goblins agreed
That cantakerous boys, full of mischief and noise,
And bad girls are a blessing, indeed.
—Arthur J. Burdick.

THE PROUD MISS O'HAGGIN.

The proud Miss O'Haggin
May ride in her wagon,
Her landau, or drag, in
The park all day;

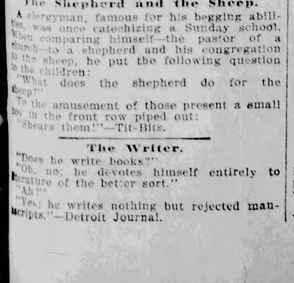
But she'd give all her leisure
And wealth beyond measure
For one-half the pleasure
Down Haggerty's way.

When young Danny Gilligan
Drives Maggie Milligan
Down Murphy's hill ag'in
In his "coopay."
—John Bennett in October Scribner.

Miscellany.

THE DOG'S POINTS.

Apple Head—A rounded head.
Brisket—The part of the body in front of the chest.
Brush—The tail.
Butterfly Nose—A spotted nose.
Button Ear—An ear the tip of which falls over and covers the orifice.
Cat Foot—A round foot.
Cheeky—A dog is said to be cheeky when its cheek bumps are strongly defined.
Chops—The pendulous lip of the bull dog.
Cow Hocks—Hocks that turn in.
Dew Claws—The superfluous claws that often appear above the foot on the inside of the leg.
Dishface—A dog is said to be dishfaced when his nose is higher than his muzzle at the stop.
Dudley Nose—A yellow or flesh-colored nose.
Elbow—The top joint of the leg.
Feather—The hair at the back of the legs at under the tail.
Flag—The tail of a setter.
Flews—The pendulous lips of the blood-hound and other breeds.
Frill—A mass of hair on the breast.
Hare Foot—A long foot.
Haw—The red inside of the eyelid shown in bloodhounds, St. Bernards and some other breeds.
Leather—The skin of the ear.



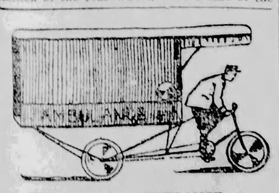
A—Nasal bone. B—Stop. C—Occiput. D—Brisket. E—Frill. F—Top of shoulders. G—Forearm. H—Elbows. I—Knee. J—Stifle joint. K—Hock. L—Feather. MM—Pasterns.

TECHNICAL TERMS USED BY THE EXPERTS.

Occiput—The projecting bone or jump at the back of the head.
Overshot—The upper teeth projecting beyond the under.
Pig Jaw—Same as overshot.
Pily—A term applied to soft coat.
Rose Ear—An ear the tip of which turns back and shows the interior of the organ.
Smudge Nose—A nose which is not wholly black, but spotted, giving the appearance of some of the black having been rubbed off.
Stifles—The top joints of the hind legs.
Stop—The indentation below the eyes which is most perceptible in the bull dog, but noticeable to a less extent in other breeds.
Tulip Ear—An erect ear.
Undershot—The lower teeth projecting in front of the upper ones.

A HUMANE INVENTION.

The latest thing to be invented in the bicycle line is an ambulance. It is not yet in use, but has been perfected by a bicycle trainer. The body looks like a grocer's wagon and rests upon the frame of the wheel and has stays running from the frame at the junction of the rear wheel. The frame of the



THE BICYCLE AMBULANCE.

bicycle, which is otherwise like an ordinary wheel, is elongated to provide a place for the ambulance and the rider. With pneumatic tires there should be little jarring of the sufferer and the noise ought to be less than that which racks the nerves of the occupant of the present ambulance.

The Shepherd and the Sheep.

A clergyman, famous for his begging abilities, was once catechizing a Sunday school. When comparing himself—the pastor of a church—to a shepherd and his congregation to the sheep, he put the following question to the children:

"What does the shepherd do for the sheep?"

To the amusement of those present a small boy in the front row piped out:

"Shears them!"—Tit-Bits.

The Writer.

"Does he write books?"

"Oh, no; he devotes himself entirely to literature of the better sort."

"Ah!"

"Yes; he writes nothing but rejected manuscripts."—Detroit Journal.

THE WORLD'S MONEY.

THREE-FOURTHS OF IT IS COIN, ONE-FOURTH PAPER.

The Total Money on the Globe is Over Twelve Billions, or a Per Capita of Eight Dollars Each.

The recent report of the director of the mint, submitted to the secretary of the Treasury, taken in connection with similar reports made throughout the world, when coupled with a little figuring and a few comparisons, produces some very interesting and occasionally startling results.

These reports show that the money capital of the world is $12,130,000,000. A good round sum, indeed, and yet it makes only $8 for each one of the billion and a half of inhabitants; but as many of the inhabitants have no money at all, there is a larger proportion to be divided among those who are fortunate enough to get it, though there is no uniformity in the distribution.

In ascertaining these figures of the total money wealth, there is a little duplication, for nearly a third of the $3,500,000,000 of paper money in the world is secured by gold and silver, which is included in the sum total given. To be exact, there are $2,700,000,000 of paper money "uncovered"—that is, the authorities issuing it have not the gold and silver to redeem it with. This sum rests simply on credit and not on security of intrinsic value. The same thing is true in regard to much of the silver coinage, to the extent of about one-half of its face value. Take last year for illustration—the coining value of the silver produced was $215,272,700, while the commercial value was only $109,406,800. This is a difference of $105835,900.

Each Sort of Money.

The total sum of the world's money is made up of $4,360,000,000 in gold, $4,270,000,000 in silver and $3,500,000,000 of paper. Of these the government and people of the United States own—to give the best exact obtainable figures—$696,270,542 in gold, $637,509,781 in silver and $1,120,000,000 of paper. This paper consists of gold certificates, silver certificates, United States notes, Treasury notes, national bank notes and currency certificates.

This volume is continually changing and gradually increasing. During the last fiscal year our mints coined in gold $71,646,705, and in silver $24,327,786. This same sort of thing is going on in all civilized countries, and so the annual gold product of the world—which in 1896 was $224,396,600—is being consumed, but it must be remembered that a little more than one-half of it goes into the arts. And the artisans do not always use bullion, but take the coin, which is of no more value; so likely the wedding ring you buy to-day was a $5 gold piece yesterday. In this manner the gold circulation is being decreased, while the work at the mints is making up the loss and usually a little more.

Of the total amount of gold and silver produced the United States does a fair proportion. According to the last report, which is for the year 1896, we produced $53,088,000 in gold and $78,069,233 in silver at coinage value.

Some Comparisons.

When we get far into the millions figures become confusing, and when we reach billions the mind is lost in the attempt to comprehend numbers; so, comparisons often convey to the mind what figures do not impress. Then for some comparisons:

Nearly every Herald reader in New York and hundreds of thousands of them outside of the city are more or less familiar with the appearance of the obelisk in Central Park and are acquainted with its general proportions. Then we will, in imagination, gather the gold, silver and paper money of the world, and, placing each in a compact mass, set them beside the towering shaft, which reaches 91 feet above its foundation.

If the gold and silver be placed on a scale they will weigh about 267,246,184 pounds, the gold being 16,069,714 pounds of this weight, and if we combine with these the paper money we will have a bulk with cubic contents of 428,381 feet.

But they will be better understood if divided. If the paper money were pressed firmly into a bale 47 feet long, its other two dimensions would be 30 feet, and it would not be an inconspicuous figure if stood on end beside the obelisk. If before baling these bills we should join them end to end they would form a band that would reach four times around the earth at its equator.

If the gold were cast into a single pyramid and set near the monolith it would tower far above its great base, for if from ground to apex it was 388½ feet, it could have that same measurement along each of its base lines.

A pyramid of the silver would be much larger than this, though the face value of the coin represented in each is quite nearly alike. If you wish to get an idea of the proportion law a $20 gold piece beside a pile of 20 silver dollars. The apex of the pyramid of silver might tower 115 feet, and its four base lines could each measure the same distance.

Keeping Her Word.

"I'm simply ashamed of you, Ethelberta. I heard Mr. Mansergh kiss you repeatedly in the conservatory."

"I couldn't help it, mama."

"Couldn't help it! What nonsense! How often did he kiss you?"

"Eight times, mama. You see, he kissed me once, and I said I would never speak to him again. So of course when he continued kissing me I could not go back upon my word and tell him to stop."—Pick Me Up.

Her Own Cake, Too!

Mrs. Newlywed—I'm going to sprinkle a little poison on this piece of angel cake, and put it where the mice can get it; I think it will kill them.

Mr. Newlywed—Why, of course it will! But why do you put the poison on it?—Puck.

IN A DENEHOLE.

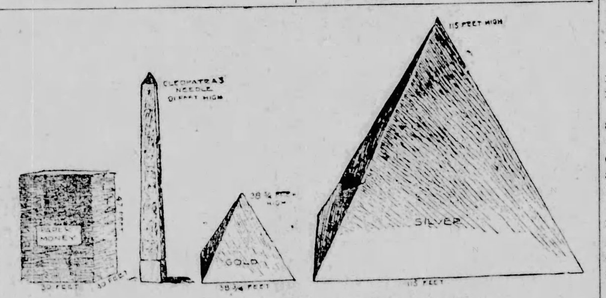
The announcement that a man while nutting in Kent fell down a denehole forty feet deep and lay there four days before he was rescued, has naturally given rise to inquiries about these same mysterious holes.

In some parts of England denehole are very common and dangerous traps, the origin of which has been much disputed. They are said by some to have been wells or granaries cut in prehistoric times. Occasionally they are natural openings, which open or close without warning. In some cases there

A DENEHOLE.

are subterranean springs at the bottom, which burst out in floods in winter and are dry in summer.

Denehole are met with chiefly in Kent and Essex; they consist of great caverns of symmetrical form excavated in the chalk and approached by a vertical, well-like shaft, sometimes eighty feet in depth, the top of which is obscured and rendered dangerous to man and beast by the surrounding growth of brambles and underwood. A goodly number of deneholes have been carefully explored. The chambers are spacious, some being eighteen feet in height and thirty feet in length, and in them have been found the bones of man and horses, with accouterments, and the bones of almost all the fourfooted animals common to the district, not to speak of the badger and the polecat, now practically extinct. It has been suggested that they were places for the exercise of religious rites or prisons, but perhaps the most tenable theory is that they were intended for hiding places, to be used when some enemy came marauding up the Thames.



MONEY OF THE WORLD IN PICTURE.

OIL WELLS IN THE SEA.

Out in California they drive their wells not only along the sore, but right into the surf. The sea is tremendous. The great rollers come booming in over the beach and dash themselves with fury against the skeleton structures, threatening to leave them without a leg to stand on. But the drivers of these wells were men of experience and knew what they were about when they forced their

DRILLING IN THE SURF.

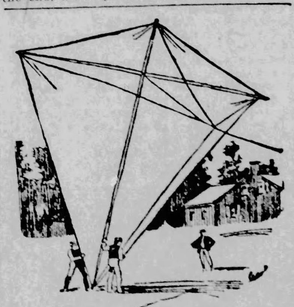
drills and pipes down into the salt sea sands, and so they go on with their labors serenely, taking little notice of the blusterings of old Neptune.

They tell a pretty story here about the discovery of oil at the borders of the sea, ascribing it to the predictions of a fortune teller, but the old oil man who showed me about the works said his attention had been first attracted by the seeping out of petroleum through the sands. Now and then, he admitted, his wells are filled up with sand or sea water, but on the whole this experiment of invading the sea for petroleum had been quite successful. The engines and the tanks, of course, are well up on the bank out of reach of the waves, but by means of rope connections the pumps are kept going, though working far out in the turmoil of the surf.

A MONSTER KITE.

The biggest kite in the world was successfully floated near South Bethlehem, Pa., not long ago. It was built by W. H. Markle and J. M. Beach, of that place, and is a wonder.

The dimensions of this immense kite are 25 by 25 feet. The sticks are made of white pine, 1½ by 5 inches, tapered to a square at the end, a heavy sail drilling is used for the



LARGER THAN A HOUSE.

cover, and is so made as to be easily detached from the frame. The latter can be taken apart and the sticks tied together. The flying bands are attached to screw eyes on the corners of the kite by snaps. The construction is very simple, making it convenient to take the kite apart. When rigged up the kite weighs about 70 pounds.

Cold Comfort.

Diggs—There goes a man worth $500,000 in cool cash.

Biggs—Why do you say "cool cash?"

Diggs—He panned it out in the Klondike regions.—Chicago News.

A Freak of Memory.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

Author of "What's Bred in the Bone," "The Devil's Die," "The Woman Who Did," etc., etc.

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I.

I first discovered my strange faculty by pure accident.

I was sitting with my mother on the terrace at Grange Court, one July afternoon, while she turned out the contents of a funny old work basket. It was filled with quaint pieces of faded brocade, and scraps of yellow lace from forgotten dresses. I was then 22; my mother was forty-five, and as beautiful as she had ever been. As she sorted out the rags, she came upon one remnant of a very handsome old furniture tapestry.

"That will do for this place, I think," she said, pointing to a gap in her silk embroidery, into which she was working selected pieces from different designs, and combining them cleverly into a new color-harmony. "It just fills up that corner. What do you say to it, Walter?"

"Yes," I answered, carelessly. "It's a very pretty pattern. I remember I always did admire it immensely."

My mother smiled. "Admire it!" she cried. "Why, Walter, you silly! You can't ever have seen it. You were ten months old when the west wing was burnt. And the rest of these curtains were burnt with the bedroom."

I reflected a moment. "Ten months old!" I answered. "My dear mother, impossible! I remember that pattern as well as if it were yesterday. And the fire—why, dear me, the fire is one of my clearest childish memories. You must be mistaken. I can recollect the engine coming over from Hade, and the men in their brass helmets, and the red glare of the flames on the garden wall, as distinctly as anything that ever happened to me."

"You've heard of it, my dear boy," my mother said, firmly; "so you fancy you recollect it."

"Fancy?" I cried, taken aback. "Not a bit of it. I remember it. Why, those curtains had crimson flowers like this one on their edge, with big birds of Paradise, or something of the sort, on palm-branches in the centre."

"You've seen them elsewhere," my mother said, confidently. "After all, the pattern was at one time quite fashionable." And she matched her shades of silk with it."

"No, no," I answered, with that natural indignation one always feels at being doubted, even in a trifle. "There was an old mahogany four poster in the room, with pineapple tops to the lower posts, and these curtains hung down from a canopy overhead—a round-edged canopy, with carved wooden roses."

"My dear boy," said my mother, "you must have seen a picture of it. I can't be mistaken as to the date of the fire. You were ten months old at the time, and I had only just weaned you. A mother doesn't forget important things like that, especially when they happen to her first baby."

"And there was a Cupid at the foot," I went on, unconcerned, "with wings and a torch, carved in high relief, in very old mahogany."

My mother glanced aside, and called the head gardener with a movement of her eyes. He came up.

"Yes, my lady?"

"Watson, how old was Mr. Walter when the west wing was burned down?"

"Mr. Walter came of age October last year, my lady. So he must have been just about ten months old at the time of the fire; for it was the first of July after I came to Sir Archibald."

"Mr. Walter was baby in arms when you came?"

"Yes, my lady; a month old. And the fire was in July. We were just on the strawberries. The date of the rebuilding is up on the new wing, you know, Mr. Walter."

So it was, I knew well. In a flash it all came home to me. I remembered the room as it was before the fire as distinctly as I remembered my rooms in Christ church. I couldn't have known at the time the bed was mahogany, or the creatures that sprawled on the curtains were birds of Paradise; but I knew that they were now, just as I knew the carved figure at the foot was a winged Cupid. The picture had remained with me, as vivid as any picture I ever saw in my life; it was stamped upon my brain; and I had read into it the results of my later experience. I could recall the whole room, now that the tapestry gave me a hint on which to hang it; could recall the engravings that flanked the grate—mezzotints after Sir Joshua, I should take them to be nowadays; could recall the satin coverings of the chairs and sofas (Second Empire taste), with the paper on the walls, the carpet on the floor, the Persian tiles by the fireplace. I described them all to my mother. "Don't talk of it, Walter," she cried, looking over at me half suspiciously. "It seems quite uncanny. If you really do remember it all, you must have been too terribly precocious a baby. And if you don't remember it, why I'm sure I can't tell who on earth can have told you all about it."

I saw my strange memory gave her a shudder of vague fear; and as I always respected my mother's little superstitions—she was a Devonshire woman—I said no more about the matter at the time for fear of worrying her.

But like the parrot in the story, I thought the more. It was quite clear to me now that I could distinctly recollect the appearance of a room which was burnt to the ground when I was ten months old. If I could recollect that I could recollect other things. Memory is a faculty that lies dormant for a while, but can generally be revived by some material association. Psychology had interested me from my Oxford training—though my father disliked it. I began to try definitely how much I could recall of my earliest days, starting from the burnt wing as a reconstructive basis.

Bit by bit, the whole series came strangely back to me. The room, once clearly reconstructed in my mind, led up to the people who were about it, and associated with it. Dimly at first, through the mist of years, but more vividly afterwards, as I bent my mind to it, there occurred to me the faces of a nurse and a nurse-maid, who used to take me for walks down the paths in the park, when the plantations were young, before the new larches had been put in by the side of Hurtwood Hanger. Now people and new facts seemed to suggest yet further scenes and episodes. I grew absorbed in the pursuit. My father, with his military prejudices, declared I was growing dull and moody. But the more I thought of it, the more fascinating it became, this retrospective reconstruction. Hardly dare tell you how much I could manage to recall at last, or how much I could go back into the first days of my babyhood. I seem even to recollect somebody holding a candle quite close to my eyes, and my blinking in alarm at the sudden strangeness and unexpectedness of the light. But that may perhaps be a pure stretch of fancy. What is certain is that by pushing back and ever further back my memory, with one clue after another, I could summon up at last endless forgotten episodes of my first months of childhood.

II.

This process of rebuilding had gone on for some time, and we were back again at our home in London for the season, where I was beginning to throw myself into the present once more, and might perhaps have abandoned my psychical studies, but for another little accident which greatly altered the whole course of my existence. By this time, I think, I had almost exhausted the memories of my childhood, and would have given up puzzling out any more such details, had not Professor Pontifex, the famous biologist, come to dine one night, as he often did, at our house in Curzon street.

My father, as every one knows, in spite of his military ideas, had scientific tastes—he dabbled in butterflies—and Pontifex was just the sort of man whose union of science with a tincture of bonhommie exactly suited him. In the course of dinner the Professor's talk turned on his then famous theory of Inherited Memory. He maintained that what was essential and central in the transmission of faculties by plants or animals to their offspring was above all things a form of unconscious knowledge. "How does the egg know what to do when it begins to develop into a chicken?" he asked, in his rhetorical way. "Why, that very protoplasm which forms the egg, as Weismann has shown, was once part and parcel of an ancestral organism—and not of one alone, but many successive parental organisms. It and its parents are portions of the same mass: your egg subsumes in its very structure the memories of many previous fowls at all stages of their existence. So it remembers what it did when it was an egg before, and it proceeds to build itself up, as it always built itself up, into the bones and muscles of a living chicken."

"Very curious," said my mother, discussing the subject. "These things are so mysterious."

"Do you think it can remember its ancestral life then?" I asked, much interested.

"Not consciously," the Professor answered, with his restrained smile, "but unconsciously, yes. Oh, yes, I'm sure of it. Consider the facts. It and its parents were one. Whatever has happened to them has happened to it. All the changes and modifications ever made in them are automatically registered and transmitted to posterity in the very structure and matter of the germ. The egg rebuilds their form in every minutest detail. And how can it rebuild save by inherited memory?"

"Very true," said my mother. "Have you seen Salvini?"

"Can this unconscious memory become conscious?" I asked. "Say, by an effort of will, such as we often make when we try to recall a name or face we have more than half forgotten?"

"Professor Pontifex," said my mother, breaking in quite eagerly, "don't encourage Walter in these foolish fads. I'm sure I can't tell whatever is going to become of him. He'll drift into being a psychical researcher."

"Nonsense, Louisa," said my father. "You confuse the issues. Professor Pontifex is talking science. What do you say to that, Pontifex? Could this unconscious memory be brought up into consciousness?"

The professor paused and fortified himself with half a glass of dry champagne. "Well, that's not an easy thing to answer off-hand," he said. "Of course, in the lower animals, what we call instinct is just such unconscious inherited memory, rising up into consciousness. The cuckoo knows how to lay its egg in another bird's nest; the spider knows how to build its web; the beaver knows how to construct its dam; the bower-bird knows how to decorate its grotto—all by pure exercise of inherited memory. But whether anything analogous to these animal faculties occurs in ourselves after we've once built up our brains and bodies—that's quite another question."

"You don't think," I interposed, "a man could so train himself as to remember individual or particular episodes in the lives of his parents?"

"Might be deuced awkward for the parents," my father murmured coldly, below his moustache, fixing me with his eye after a fashion he had which always frightened me.

"What nonsense you talk, Walter," my mother put in quite angrily. "I wonder you encourage him in such ideas, Dr. Pontifex."

"Well, I don't quite know," the professor said slowly, poising an olive on his fork, and going on with his argument. "It's just conceivable, perhaps; just conceivable. We have inherited memory of what is common to the race—how to breathe, how to move, how to take our first sustenance; but then, that inherited memory can come to us through our parents alone; and it's possible, quite possible, an exceptionally-constituted mind might be able to recall even particular facts that happened to it when it was part and parcel of its parents. You see, Lady Egremont, an amœba goes on growing and growing till it becomes so big that it divides in the middle into two equal parts, the consequence is that each of those parts is just as much the original amœba as the other one. There's no distinction here of larger and smaller halves—of parent and child, as we call them in higher organisms."

"I'm not an amœba," my mother answered coldly, "nor, I believe is Sir Archibald."

The professor said no more, for he was a wise man and he knew when to be silent. Indeed, in his character as a distinguished epicure, he was right to hold his tongue, for our house in Curzon street was famous for its curries, its wines, and its music; and my mother made it a rule never to ask anybody who displeased her once to come again to dinner.

III.

Dr. Pontifex's ideas set me thinking consumedly. My success in recollecting the events of my childhood had given me such an interest in this curious subject that I couldn't help trying whether I had really any such ulterior ancestral memory as this that he talked about. I devoted several mornings alone in the library, to thinking and experimenting on the problem he had suggested. My faculty of recovery was now so far trained that I had not the slightest difficulty in recalling at will almost everything that had happened to me from the day of my birth; but when I tried to project myself backward into the personality of my ancestors, I could attain at first but a vague and hazy sense of some dim past period. A great gulf seemed fixed between myself and them; a veil interposed itself between descendant and ancestors. I felt the task was hopeless and the pursuit a delusion, till one morning accidentally a clue came of itself to me.

We were walking in the park, my mother and I, as we often did before lunch, when, by the subtropical garden, a grey-haired old gentleman suddenly recognized her, and raised his hat irresolute. For a second he hesitated; then he came up and spoke.

"Miss Newenham, surely?" he began, in an enquiring tone. "I felt sure I recognized you."

"Not Miss Newenham, now," my mother answered smiling. "Lady Egremont, you know; you must remember that I married Sir Archibald."

"Ah, yes; to be sure; I remember all that. Could I ever forget it? But twenty-two years of Hong Kong—don't you know! You were Miss Newenham then; 'tis as Miss Newenham I have always remembered you."

"My eldest boy, Walter," my mother said as he looked at me. "Yes, General, my eldest son. Now don't pretend you don't believe it."

"Bless my soul, might be your brother!" the general put in quickly. And so indeed she might. For there never was a younger looking woman than my mother.

They stopped and talked awhile about old times, as old friends will do after years of absence. Then they exchanged cards, and we two went off alone along the Serpentine.

"He's grown very grey," I began, as we turned up at the corner by the artificial rockery.

"Why?" my mother asked sharply, with a sort of timid glance at me.

"Why, General O'Donoghue."

"How did you know his name? I never mentioned it." She seemed quite frightened.

I stood still by the waterside, there in London, in broad daylight, feeling suddenly aware that a miracle had happened. Half-terrified myself, I answered, "I remembered it."

"Remembered it! Impossible! You never saw him. He went to Hong Kong before I was married."

"Yes; but you saw him, and I remember it perfectly. I knew it was Captain O'Donoghue the first instant he came up to us."

My mother looked hard at me.

"Walter," she said earnestly, "you're trying to play tricks upon me. You read his card sideways. Either you're imposing upon me, or else you're mystery-mongering."

"Mother," I said, in my most solemn tone, "I'm doing nothing of the sort. I've never read his card or seen him before, since—since I parted from him years ago by the bridge at Canford."

Her face grew white. She grasped the railing by the border a second.

"You parted from him," she cried, "by the bridge at Canford! You never parted from him. It was I, and you know it."

I started back myself. I knew she spoke the truth. I remembered parting from him quite well, oh, so well; too clearly; but I was a young girl then, in a bright morning dress, the very day after the Canford party.

In a second, I saw what had really happened. This memory of mine was separated from all others by a gulf, an immeasurable gulf. Between it and me there intervened, like a wall, an indefinite Something. Yet it was all the same. It was I who had said good-bye, a tearful girl's good-bye, to Captain O'Donoghue, of the Engineers, by the bridge at Canford. And just as a scrap of the tapestry was enough to revive my memory of the room in which I lay in my cradle, so the sight of the bronzed face and grizzled moustache was needed to revive the memory of the man I had seen when as yet I was not.

"Let us go home," I said slowly, overwhelmed in thought.

"Let us go home," said my mother.

We returned in silence.

For several days after that, nothing more was said by either of us on the subject. But for the first time in my life, I noticed that my mother seemed to shrink from my touch and to dread being left alone with me.

For myself, this new clew was so vastly interesting that I followed it up with the intensest curiosity. Starting from General O'Donoghue for Captain O'Donoghue, as I called him to myself—I found I could remember endless people and things connected with Canford and my mother's childhood. You know how one sometimes forgets a verse or a poem, yet, with one line as a clue, gradually and carefully builds it up all up again. It was just so I felt with my vague recollections of my mother's life. Indefinite at first, and only distinctly recalled to me by the episode of the young Engineer officer who had come to the village when she was still a mere girl, they grew more and more coherent the longer I thought about them. They came back to me one by one as the episodes of my own infancy had done before. I knew now, too, why I remembered first of all the parting with Captain O'Donoghue. When I came to recall it, it was the event that had stamped itself deepest and clearest on my mother's memory—that is to say on my own, for the two were inseparable. The weight of this secret bowed me down with its magnitude.

At last one day, as I loitered in the library, my mother spoke to me

"Walter," she said, imploringly, "don't keep me in the dark. Do tell me how you heard about myself and General O'Donoghue?"

"I didn't hear," I answered. "I remember—everything."

She closed her hands and looked at me. Her lips were ashy white.

"My boy," she said, "my boy, do tell me this is a trick got up between yourself, the General, and Dr. Pontifex. You don't really know how much——"

"How much you loved him? Yes, mother, I do. But why should you shrink from it? It was I—I myself. So I sympathize with you in it."

She gave a little cry. "You really remember?" she murmured.

"Yes, I really remember; remember the whole episode. I could tell you the very words he said to me by the sluice, when he took my hand in his——"

"Your hand!" she cried. "Your hand! Oh, Walter, are you mad, or am I, I wonder?"

"Neither of us," I answered. "Dr. Pontifex is right. I have put it to the test, and his theory stands it. There is such a thing as inherited memory."

My mother looked at me again. Her eyes were hard now. Not a gleam of light in them.

"But you know I never loved him," she said; "you know——"

"I know you did love him," I answered, "with a girl's first love; and were thwarted by your parents. And I know that nothing was said or done on either side which any good man or woman need feel the least regret for."

"You know that?" my mother exclaimed.

"Even the letter to Plymouth——," I began.

But my mother would hear no more. With a wild little cry she clapped her hands to her ears and rushed out of the room. From that moment forth I knew she hated me. For there are things by the thousand in every man and woman, however pure and however good, which they could not endure any other on earth should know them capable of.

And yet, to me, it was all so natural. I had been there and seen; it was I who had done it all. I understood and sympathized, just because—I remembered. It was long before I began to feel and understand why my mother looked at it in so different a light. I was she, but she was not I, from the moment when I began to have a separate existence. I was some one other than she; while to me she was put a phase of my own past history.

IV.

Several weeks passed, and with each new day this strange pursuit grew upon me more and more. I was always in the library, absorbed in thought. My discovery seemed to me so pregnant in results. If I could but establish this fact, I should have introduced a new factor into the study of biology—shed a totally fresh light on the processes of heredity. And it was all my own doing! Pontifex, to be sure, had conceived the principle as a mere guess or aperçu; but it was I who had raised it by my own researches to the higher level of experimental certainty. And, if, as Darwin said, he who proves is the discoverer, then I had discovered a truth of the utmost importance and interest to humanity. No one could say where this clue might yet lead us; its implications were innumerable, its possibilities boundless. History itself might yet be written, in the light of a trained historical memory.

My father didn't like my remaining so often alone in the library. "You don't read," he said; "you don't write a book; you simply sit and moon there like an imbecile. It's a very bad habit for you. That why madness lies. Nothing is so likely to upset the balance of the brain as constant concentration on some internal subject. You should take down Maudsley, and read him through. You'd find there how dangerous it is for a man to be self-centred. If you want to keep sane, mix freely with your kind; think, feel, and act with them. If you want to go mad, why, shut yourself up alone with your own thoughts, and brood over them continually. That's the moral of all the more advanced modern thinking on the subject of insanity."

Self-centred, indeed! This was not to be self-centred! What I was moaning about was no personal subject, but the thought and life of all those who had preceded me! And what I was brooding over was a scientific discovery of the utmost importance to the future of humanity.

I knew my mother now like an open book; I could read her at sight; might I know my father? Given a first clue, I had an intuitive consciousness that I could decipher him too when opportunity offered. But he was so reserved a man, and held himself always so far aloof from us, that I hardly knew where to begin my experiments. So a month or two passed, and I had accomplished nothing. Accomplished nothing, I say, for the development of this new and colossal idea had now become an end in life to me. Still, I never spoke about the subject to my mother; without any open rupture, any acknowledgment of a change on either side, I felt our relations were placed all at once on a different footing. She watched me furtively, and hated to catch my eye. When she caught it by accident hers fell in a moment, or else looked aside with a certain strange air, half dislike, half terror. But in general society, while keeping my discovery dark till I had the means of proving it to all the world, I couldn't quite refrain from talking sometimes of heredity.

"Pontifex," my father said before me once at my club, where he had been lunching with the professor, "don't encourage that boy in these queer notions any more; it's becoming a monomania with him. Just set him off on butterflies! It's an interesting study; a most interesting study." And whether he was referring to heredity or to myself I was never quite certain.

At last one day I happened to have toothache, and went to a dentists close by in George street. While waiting for my turn I chanced to open a book of thirty years earlier—the bound volume of an illustrated paper of my father's first manhood that lay upon the table. As I turned over the pages I came suddenly face to face with a woodcut of a man, after a photograph of the period, which somehow, as if by chance, instantly fixed me. I was aware in a second that I had seen that portrait before. Or rather, I had known the man it represented. In a fever of suspense I turned to the letterpress. "Major Aldegrave of the 71st," I read, "whose portrait we reproduce on page 140, was the victim of a sad tragedy near Dover on Friday last. The unfortunate officer"—I ran my eye on hurriedly—"dangerous part of the cliffs ..... fall of two hundred feet ..... picked up quite dead ..... no eye-witness of the disaster." My brain reeled round. What, Aldegrave of the 71st? Poor old Aldegrave found dead! Great heavens, this was terrible!

That instant my tooth ceased to ache as if by magic. I left the house hurriedly. I must get some fresh air. Aldegrave dead! Poor old Aldegrave dead? It seemed somehow to stun me.

I walked out into Hanover Square, and let the cool moist air blow full on my forehead. It relieved me a little. After the first shock of this unexpected recollection I began to consider whereabouts in my mother's life I could place the vivid and most painful memory of poor old Aldegrave. But he didn't fit in anywhere. He seemed to grow hazier the more I concentrated myself on my mother's recollections. Poor old Aldegrave! Why, the phrase was a manifest. Then came another shock. Great God, I had found it—the missing clue to my father's memories!

Aldegrave! Poor old Aldegrave! Smoke and gossip at the club—the officers' club by the pier at Dover. Lansquenet; a note of hand; more champagne; more champagne there! Losing, losing, losing; five hundred; a thousand; two, three, four, five; there seems no end of it! Back to my quarters alone; Aldegrave gone out to cool himself with a walk, all flushed with his winnings! The edge of the cliff; people peering over; a dead body on the shore! No still, so strange! Poor old Aldegrave dead. And it was I who had killed him!

With a flash more certain than the certain knowledge it came back to me now. I was crawling on my knees to the edge of the cliff where I pushed him over. Crawling slowly to the edge, and peering down below to see whether the fall had really killed him.

I saw it all at once—saw it and understood it in less than a second. The reason why that woodcut restored the whole story for me was simply this: It was the vividest fact in my father's past history. It had burned itself like a searing iron into the very core and fabric of his brain; it had been transmitted intact to his children after him. Transmitted potentially to all of us in the remote recesses of unconscious thought; revealed to me in a flash by the accident of that portrait.

I went home to Curzon street with my brain all seething. I could feel it at work. It was reconstructing as I went a new past history.

I opened the door with my latchkey, and walked straight into the library. On the bottom shelf stood old piles of back volumes of that illustrated paper. I remembered now that my father had often quarrelled with my mother because she wouldn't turn out "those hateful old books—so dusty and musty," to make room for others. I remembered also that he particularly hid away one half-yearly volume. I turned it up at once, and looked for the page with poor Aldegrave's death in it. Why, how odd! It wasn't there! I examined the page closely. Page 141 followed page 138. The intermediate double page had been cut out of the volume. I could see the cut edge where a penknife had severed it.

Just at that moment my father entered. He looked across at me suspiciously.

"What are you doing with that book?" he asked, glancing over my shoulder and recognizing the pasing.

I floundered and blundered like a schoolboy detected.

"I—I was looking for something," I said, stupidly. "There's a page cut out here." I was always more than half afraid of my father.

His eyes met mine. I could not face them. I grew hot and stammered.

"What were you looking in that place for?" he asked again, sternly.

My presence of mind forsook me. I never in my life could tell a lie to my father.

"The account of poor old Aldgrave's death," I answered, trembling.

My father drew back slowly, and measured me from head to foot with his military eye. Then he said, in a clear voice that never quivered for a second, "Pontifex put you up to this. He's been at his devil's work with you."

"He has done nothing of the sort," I answered. "I saw it at the dentist's. And the moment I saw it, I remembered everything."

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything. The note of the hand, the midnight walk, how I lay on the edge of the cliff and looked over at the body, how I went back to my quarters, and what men said at mess next day about it."

"Ha!"

My father was looking at me with a fixed deadly look. He was not angry; he was hardly even frightened; but he seemed to be thinking with incalculable speed, a thousand things in a minute.

"And what use do you mean to make of this—fancy?" he asked at last, in a tone of derision.

"None at all," I answered; "as far as I am aware, at least. But I haven't yet had time to consider what I feel about it. You see, it's so sudden."

My father looked hard at me still, I quailed before his glance—I, who had been a murderer.

"You said you crawled to the edge of the cliff, I think," he muttered low at last. "You said you crawled?"

"Yes, I said so. That is to say—we did go."

"You recognize that fact? You know that what I did, if ever I did anything, you did also?"

"Yes. Clearly. I remember it. Therefore, of course, it was I who did it."

He drew a long breath.

"You know what made me kill him?" he asked. "Or, rather, what made you?"

"I remember it now, I think. I didn't till this moment. But your hint recalls it. He said a thing—oh, father, even to you, I daren't repeat it."

My father looked still at me.

"This is a bad job," he said, musing, "a very bad job. It might have been worse, if said before others. But as it stands it's bad enough. For thirty years, till now, I have lived unsuspected; no one has ventured to accuse me of that deed at last, just to think Pontifex should set you upon this nonsense! Well, well, I must face it. There's only one thing to be done, and for your brothers' and sisters' sakes I shrank from doing it. But in self defense I must do it now. I must put a stop at once to these silly fancies."

"Fancies!" I cried. "But surely you admit—you admitted just now—and, besides, I know. I remember everything. Why, the page cut from the book. That alone—that alone would evidence that you did it."

"Fool!" he said, looking contemptuously at me. "Is that your idea of evidence? Who on earth is to know it wasn't you or Pontifex cut it out? And you venture to threaten me!"

"You threatened first," I replied, growing warm. "I know very well what you mean—an asylum."

"You have said it," he answered, with a bend of his head. "Very well then, an asylum. And your friend Pontifex will manage it for us."

I buried my face in my hands. I saw in a moment how completely I was trapped. Monomania! Monomania! Who could believe my report? And my hands were tied so! How would I try to bring home the murder I knew I had committed to my own father?

I remembered it all. I knew it was unavoidable. Even as he faced me there, the real reasons came back to me. I felt the impossibility of anybody's resisting the fierce temptation to fight Aldegrave that evening for that deadly taunt. No man of honor could have brooked it. I understood how he—how I—had chosen a life and death struggle with a drunken, wretched slanderer; how we had striven to drag each other, both

sweetly and sympathetically. I musn't mind these wild threats of my father's. He himself had always believed in this inherited memory, and was not in the least surprised it should now and then assume a peculiar form in a very exceptional and nervously-organized individual. In point of fact, he had always expected to find such aberrations. He saw no reason to doubt that a man, by taking thought, might recall the very acts and experiences of his ancestors. Such memory was normal in the lower animals. It might rank in humanity as a mere lapsed faculty.

"Then you think it might even go beyond the parents' lives?" I asked at last, quite grateful for his acquiescence.

"Oh, certainly. Not a doubt of it. It occurs in nature. Take the well-known case of the queen bee for example. She transmits to her worker offspring the instincts of honey-gathering, of comb-building, and of larva-nursing, which she herself has never at all possessed, but which she derives implicitly from some early undeveloped ancestress, before the race of bees had taken to socialism. Every female bee then still performed the whole work of cell-making and rearing the grubs. Now the queen inherits those dormant faculties, and passes them on to her weaker daughters. That's an absolute analogue."

"So it is," I cried, quite charmed by his reasoning. "And there's no reason, therefore, why a man shouldn't in like manner recall the minutest events in the previous history of all his ancestors from the earliest periods!"

"Not at all," Pontifex answered, leaning forward and gazing at me. "And just think what a gain that would be to science! The thinker who devoted himself to thus unravelling the secrets of primitive humanity would open up for us a most marvellous and illuminating page in evolutionary history. He would recollect every phase in the long series of stages by which the monkey-like creature with hairy hide and pointed ears grew gradually to the image of the Apollo and the Venus.

"That would be a splendid achievement," I exclaimed enthusiastically.

Just at that moment, as I afterwards remembered, the door opened quietly; but I took no notice of it at the time, believing that it was only Roberts come to take away the coffee-cups. He moved about the room with the noiseless tread of a well-trained servant; then he stood at the back of my chair for a second, and shortly moved aside. I didn't look round. 'Twas an unseasonable interruption.

"Well, tell me," the Professor went on, in rather a different voice. "So you have really succeeded, by successive efforts of memory, in recalling everything in your father and mother's lives? That's interesting, very!"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "In my mother's life, quite everything. In my father's, as yet only the first salient incident; but that's a very important one. I seem to start always on my task of reconstruction with one fact as a clue—some serious fact that made an indelible impression on my father's or mother's brain—and then to work backward and forward from that episode."

"What episode?" he asked, curiously.

I paused and hesitated.

"I couldn't tell you," I answered. "It would be—well, you must understand—equivalent, in fact, to a breach of confidence. Besides, I feel that I did these things myself; and no man is bound to incriminate himself, is he?"

He snapped at the word.

"Incriminate? Oh, really. Well, why now incriminate?"

"Most people have things they don't wish known; and those are the very ones that burn themselves deepest into the core of our memory."

"Quite true," he said, thoughtfully. "Quite true. Most true. What you say is very reasonable." And then he led me on by endless other steps, in his cleverest fashion, till I had been obliged to confess that though I could describe the pattern in my mother's room, and recall the arrangements of my father's quarters in Dover Castle, I couldn't explain to him the exact nature of the circumstances which had led me to the discovery of this singular faculty. "More than one man's secret is involved," I said; "and I might add, perhaps, more than one woman's honor."

Pontifex turned round triumphantly towards somebody at the back.

"So far enough to serve our purpose, Dr. Yates-Westbury," he said.

Yates-Westbury came forward—a little fox-like man; I had not yet noticed him.

"Quite enough," he replied, looking at me through his eye-glass. "A man can't be allowed to go about the world scattering insinuations like those, of course. I agree with you, Sir Archibald. Much as you may regret it for the family's sake, no other course is now left open to you."

I saw how I had been trapped. I flung myself wildly down. The two doctors lifted me up.

"We'll have a formal examination and get him signed for to-morrow," they said to my father. "Till then, Sir Archibald, be careful what becomes of him!"

At that, I think I fainted. At any rate all I know is this. Some minutes later I was aware I was awake in a half-drowsy fashion. I heard Pontifex saying in his shaky voice, "I have watched this case for some years most closely, and seen it coming on. It's an interesting study—a most interesting study. Progressive monomania in a peculiar form. All depends upon suggestion. A casual hint of my own in conversation was enough to give it definite form at first. Since then it has gone on with the usual logicality and the usual ruthlessness of all true monomania."

"That's false," I cried, starting up. "And you who know the facts, should be ashamed to pervert them. I first observed my abnormal power some months before that conversation with you in Curzon street."

He looked at me chillily.

"We have only your word for it," he answered, unmoved, "and your mother denies it. For the rest Yates-Westbury, you'll see whether I'm right or not—in the asylum."

At that word I collapsed again. They took me to my room. In an agony of thought I lay there tossing till morning.

At the asylum, of course, I had nothing else to do but think over my memories. Alone most of my time—for how could I relish the society of all those mad people?—I began to work out my recollections further back, and to carry them into the lives of my remoter ancestors. Bit by bit they came back. I succeeded to a marvel. Indeed, old memories soon began to crowd in upon me with extraordinary rapidity. I remembered so many early lives simultaneously that past time envisaged itself to me as a wild jumble of jostling personalities. I could hardly distinguish them. Phantasmagorias of the ages crowded wildly into my room. England faded into Rome, and Greece into Egypt. I was a naked Briton once more in Coritanian war-paint, defying Caesar's ships on the shore at Sandwich; I was a prehistoric savage, slaying prehistoric beasts, in forest-clad lands whose very identity I could with difficulty follow out across the mist of centuries. I was a hairy anthropoid fighting hairy rivals by the jungle-clad banks of some tropical stream. I grew to hate myself, so many hateful things seemed part and parcel of me. "O, take away this curse," I cried to myself often, "and give me back once more my one civilized identity!"

A few weeks later Pontifex and the other man came to visit me and report. Cruelly as they had treated me, it was yet a relief to me to see anybody at all from the outside world. Pontifex in particular seemed interested in my account of my own condition. I told him this trouble, and how the ages hustled me. He listened intently, then he turned to Yates-Westbury. "I told you so," he said grimly. "My hint of the queen-bee! Whatever he fancies is the result of a suggestion."

I fell back in my chair. I felt all was up. They went away and left me. And now, I am alone in this hateful place, with a tumultuous sea of surging memories.

THE END.

Sure of One.

Stephen—But, Uncle John, whom do you mean when you speak of the "best citizens?"

Uncle John—Well, there is myself, for instance, and—and—and I presume there are others, but they do not come to mind just at this moment.—Boston Transcript.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Metaphysics.

"Is there any newspaper published devoted to metaphysics?"—J. H., Reedtown, O.

We know of but one periodical devoted to the barren field of metaphysics, and that is Intelligence, a monthly magazine published in New York. Why any one should wish to feed his mind on the husks of abstract speculation, when the fields of science lay invitingly open to his exploration, we can not imagine.

Masonry.

"A friend of mine from Norway claims that the Masonic order in the United States is not of ancient origin, but that of his country is?"—Reader, Chasburg, Wis.

Masonry in every country originated from the same common source. The order in the United States came from England, and there it is as ancient as in Norway and Sweden.

The Printer's Devil.

"I have always heard the printer's apprentice called the printer's devil. Now, can the Bureau tell when, where and how he was thus dubbed?"—E. S. H., Erwin, Tenn.

There is no specific time nor event which gave him the name. In the days of hand presses, it was the youngest apprentice's duty to manipulate the ink roller. Being a boy, he inevitably blackened himself all over, especially his hands and face. Hence the remark was common that he was "black as the devil," and from that to calling him a devil was an easy step.

The District of Columbia.

"Will you please inform me the number of square miles in the District of Columbia, and the shape of the District?"—G. P. N., West Liberty, Iowa.

The District of Columbia contains 64 square miles. Its shape is rectangular, except that the southwestern side is irregular, being formed by the Potomac river. The northeastern side is a straight line 10 miles long, and the sides are about 6 miles in length. Any good map will show its shape and location clearly.

Rare Coins, Etc.

C. P., Denlow, Mo.: The half-dollar of 1823 bears no premium. The half-dime of 1835 has four varieties: 1st, with date in large figures, and large "5c" on the reverse, 10 cents; 2d, with large date and small "5c" on reverse, 5 cents; 3d, small date and small "5c" on reverse, 5 cents; 4th, small date and large "5c" on reverse, 5 cents.

J. C. B., Eddy, Ind.: Some varieties of internal revenue stamps are valuable, but we cannot undertake to answer any stamp questions at all, as the subject is very intricate because of the vast number. Consult stamp dealers.

Clover Seed.

"Is clover seed used for any purpose except sowing to raise a crop of clover? A great many people think it is used for coloring purposes."—C. K. B., Cecil, O.

Clover seed and alsike seed is used to a small extent in dyeing cloth, we understand. For three or four years past there has been a heavy demand for clover seed from Europe. Farmers there send it, and then turned the crop of clover under to fertilize their fields. The demand has lessened, because they now largely raise their own seed, and the price has fallen in consequence.

Paul and Finance.

"Will you please state something of the financial ability of Paul, as mentioned in the Bible?"—H. J. H., Triadelphia, W. Va.

We confess we do not understand what you mean by the apostle Paul's "financial ability." If you refer to his circumstances, he was poor. He was by trade a tent-maker, and there is no evidence in the New Testament that he possessed any means. If you refer to something else, please put your question in such form that we may know exactly the point on which you wish information, and we will answer, if possible.

A Quotation.

"Dr. Mills says, in Scarlet or White, 'The Old is timid, and shrinks from innovation; the New is brave, and dares to face it.' Is the above sentence grammatical?"—L. A. D., Bridgeport, Wash.

Yes, it is grammatical. The words "old" and "new" are used as abstract names. A somewhat unusual use, though perfectly correct.

Free Silver in New York.

"Which candidate came nearest representing the free silver element of New York, Henry George or Van Wyck? In other words, was Henry George put in nomination by the Democrats of New York?"—W. H. W., Bedville, O.

Van Wyck was nominated by Tammany, on a platform which did not say anything at all about the money question. Henry George was put in nomination by a faction which represented the Bryan element in New York.

"Preferred Claims" Law.

E. B. S., Chester, Vt.: There is of course no United States law making family bills for food and fuel preferred claims, to be collected of the husband in case he or wife holds the property, irrespective of the party ordering them, for it is not a matter which belongs to Congress. The states alone have jurisdiction over such matters. Whether any state has passed such a law, we do not know. We can not be expected to keep up an intimate knowledge of the laws of 45 states.

Short-hand.

"What length of time does it require to obtain a sufficient knowledge of stenography to fill a position?"—A. J. C., New Lexington, O.

That depends entirely upon the aptitude of the learner. Some may be able to learn it in less than a year, but we think the average is about that long. We can not name books on short-hand in this column. It is against the rules of the paper.

That Cold New Year.

"In order to settle a dispute have you a record, or can you give the correct date of the cold New Year's day that is so well remembered, but whose date is so often forgotten?"—C. W. M., Dennis, Kan.

That cold New Year was on January 1, 1864. The Blade answers this question about twice a year, and wishes most heartily it would never be asked again.

Superfluous Hair.

"Can you tell me of a remedy for taking off superfluous hair on the face?"—M. B., Warrensburg, Ill.

There is nothing that will remove it permanently but electricity, in the hands of an expert surgeon. No application will do it. They may remove it, but it will grow again, and grow harsher and coarser than before.

No Miners Sent.

"Has the United States government sent a company of miners to Alaska? If not, is it their intention of doing so?"—O. N. J., Deep Valley, W. Va.

Certainly not. The government is not in the mining business. People who go there to dig gold go at their own expense.

Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

"Kindly state through the columns of your paper whether or not Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the author, is dead or not, and if dead when he died?"—W. M. W., Ft. Washington, Fla.

Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., died in Hyde Park, Mass., July 20, 1887, aged 64, he being born in 1823.

Henry George.

"Will you kindly show at some length the error of Mr. George's theory?"—H. P. S., Middleport, O.

Last week we answered a similar question, and refer you to that reply. In addition we will say that his single tax theory needs no condemnation stronger than Mr. George's own words, in the following extract from his book, "Progress and Poverty:"

"I do not propose either to purchase or to confiscate private property in land. The first would be unjust, the second needless. Let the individual who now holds it still retain, if they want to, possession of what they are pleased to call their land. Let them buy and sell, and bequeath and devise it. We may safely leave them the shell, if we take the kernel. It is not necessary to confiscate the land; it is only necessary to confiscate the rent."

Now, if you will remember that by "rent" Mr. George means the full income which the land earns, you will see that land would be utterly valueless to the man who held title thereto, for he would have to pay taxes to the full amount of its earning or producing power each year. The farmers would certainly grumble if their property was confiscated as taxes, and nobody but land-owners paid any tax on anything.

Ohio's Vote.

"What is the total vote cast for the successful candidate for governor of Ohio?"—H. P. H., Princeton, Kan.

The vote of Ohio for governor at the state election on November 2, 1897, was as follows:

Bushnell, Republican	429,816
Chapman, Democrat	401,715
Holliday, Prohibitionist	7,598
Coxey, Populist	6,254
Dexter, National Democrat	1,661
Watkins, Socialist Labor	4,242
Lewis, Negro Protective	476
Liberty Party	3,107
Total vote	854,829
Bushnell's plurality over Chapman	28,101
Bushnell's majority over all	4,803

The Queen Not a Mason.

"Has Queen Victoria ever received initiation in the Masonic order?"—Reader, Monroe Center, Mich.

No, she has not. You may depend upon this statement being absolutely correct. Her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, has been for many years Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, and the story may have originated in that way.

Women are not received into the Masonic order, and there is but one case on record where a woman received a degree. This was in England, something like two centuries ago. A lodge was being held in her father's country house, and she secreted herself where she could witness the ceremonies. She was discovered, and was initiated into the first degree, which ceremony she had witnessed; but she was never allowed to take any higher degree.

Booker T. Washington.

"Please give me all the information you can about Booker T. Washington and the Tuskegee Institute."—I. K. L., Redlands, Cala.

All that is known has been given at different times in the columns of The Blade. We believe the Institute publishes a little paper describing its workings. Write to Mr. Washington at the Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., and get information at first hand.

The Klondike Mines.

"What kind of ground is found in Alaska in the mines? What kind of tools do they use there to mine with? What is the average depth of the veins of gold? How much money would it require to keep one man a year after he goes to the Yukon?"—C. C. C., Galena, Kan.

The gold is found in nuggets and scales in the gravel of the streams. Pick and shovel, pan and cradle or sluice are the tools. There is no "average depth." The gravel is of varying depth, from a few feet to 30 or 40. We do not know how much money it actually requires, but letters from there say a man should start with not less than $1,000.

Money and International Agreement.

"Does not the Republican party claim there is sufficient money to do the business of the country? If so, what is the use of international agreement when international agreement will increase the volume of money?"—C. L. B., Union Mills, Iowa.

No, the Republican party does not claim anything of the sort, as you could have found by reading the St. Louis platform of last year, and the Iowa platform. You accepted some of Bryan's silliness as truth, in place of going for the facts to the platforms themselves. An international bimetallic agreement would not necessarily increase the volume of money, it would, perhaps, increase the volume of coin, but would certainly in that case decrease the volume of paper money. You should get some good work on money and read it attentively. We do not mean a free silver work, but some book which deals with the facts, not with the theories.

What is a Dollar.

"In your issue of November 4, you say, 'What is a dollar? By the laws of the United States it is 25.8 grains of standard gold.' We ask, is not 412½ grains of standard silver a dollar?"—J. W., Sycamoure, Iowa.

Section 3511 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, says: "The gold coins of the United States shall be a one-dollar piece, which at the standard weight of 25.8 grains, SHALL BE THE UNIT OF VALUE." This provision has never been changed nor repealed, and stands as the law to-day. The silver dollar is a "dollar," but it is not the unit of value. It is held up to the value of the gold dollar, but it is worth less than half as much.

Mail Order Business.

"Is the mail order business strictly legal? For instance, has a person a perfect right to manufacture inks, yeast, etc., following formula in the making, and then offer said goods for sale?"—N. A. G., Westfield, N. Y.

Certainly, it is entirely legal, when honestly carried on. Why did you imagine that it was not?

No Slave Pension Bill.

"Is there any such thing as a slave pension bill before congress? There are men going through this section telling the people the bill will pass congress in October, and the old ex-slaves will then draw pensions."—J. B. F., Tiplusville, Miss.

There is no such bill before Congress, and no talk of one. No such bill will be passed, because of the expense. We can not imagine why people are traveling around circulating such a story, unless they are swindlers, and are trying to get a little money out of ignorant colored men.

Mixed Relationship.

In this neighborhood a father and son have married sisters. What relation are the son's children to his father, and the children of each to each other?"—A. B. C., Monroe, Ky.

There are no words or terms in the English language to express complicated relationships of that kind. The rule in this case would be to ignore the relationship of the mothers, and count only the relationship through father and son.

March 4 on Sunday.

"What could be done in case inauguration day should fall on Sunday?"—H. H. H., Noblesville, Ind.

You do not seem to know that this has occurred three times in our history. Thrice the day of inauguration of a new President, March 4, has fallen on a Sunday, and in each case he was inaugurated the next day. These three cases were: James Monroe, second term, March 5, 1821; Zachary Taylor, March 5, 1849; Rutherford B. Hayes, March 5, 1877.

Cost of a Patent.

"What should be the cost of procuring an ordinary letters-patent properly on a simple instrument or device?"—S. H. H., Saluda, N. C.

Patent fees must be paid in advance, and are as follows: On filing application for a patent, $15; on issuing the patent, $20. This of course does not include the services of a patent attorney, if you employ one.

St. Paul's Shipwreck.

"How many times was St. Paul shipwrecked during his journey, and where?"—D. R., Blue Grass, Iowa.

St. Paul was shipwrecked but once—on the coast of the island of Malta, as he was being conveyed a prisoner to Rome. See Acts xxvii and xxviii.

Thanksgiving Day.

"Will you please devote as much space as you can in next issue of the Weekly Blade to the topic Thanksgiving Day?"—E. W., Salem, Mo.

This is a form of query which we can not answer. We might give a half-column on Thanksgiving Day, and still not tell what you wanted to find out. Ask your questions specifically always.

Another Doubter.

"I tell you," said a passenger who wore a silk hat, mutton-chop whiskers and some other fashionable things, "our government is rotten to the core. I don't know what's going to come of it, either. Sometimes I tremble for my children. I have provided well for them; but as property in this country going to be safe? With all the political corruption that abounds, and with all the evils that are constantly springing up around us through the connivance of the bosses, will there not come a time when the torch and the blade will play havoc here, as they did in France 100 years ago?"

"I don't know," said the man to whom he had been talking. "I hope, however, for better things. By the way, did you register?"

"No. What's the use? A decent man has no business at the polls nowadays."

"That's what I thought you'd say."—Cleveland Leader.

Is This a Bull?

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" said a lady to her servant.

"Because I didn't hear the bell."

"Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you must come and tell me so."

"Yes m."—Boston Traveler.

Salt Rheum

Intense Suffering—Could Not Sleep—Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I had salt rheum on my arms, which itched intensely and kept me from sleeping. The skin on my hands would crack open. My friends believed I was suffering from blood poisoning. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did not see any improvement with the first bottle but continued with the medicine and after taking five bottles I was completely cured. My hands are now as smooth as I could wish." A. D. HACEY, Elroy, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

One wonders and wonders again at the all-around genius, so to speak, of Rudyard Kipling, who seems equally at home wherever he places himself. In his recent book, "Captains Courageous," he talks of the sea as if he were a sailor born and bred. He makes us hear the wash of the waves upon the ship's sides, hear the whistle of the wind through the sails, and breathe the air which comes over miles upon miles of the rolling waters.

Captains Courageous is a great story with a simple plot—a story that has a meaning which is that character tells when money fails. It shows what work will do to develop manhood, and it teaches lessons of humanity. It is one of Kipling's best and least pretentious works. The Century Company gives it its pretty setting.

A strong, refined and extremely interesting story is that written by Katrina Trask and brought out by the Harpers under the title of John Leighton, jr. Without being a novel with a direct purpose, yet Mrs. Trask has shown how a healthy character may revolt against the narrowness of dogmatic religion, and yet rise into the higher regions of honesty, purity and self-sacrifice in the relations of life.

In the Personal Equation, published by the Harpers, Harry Thurston Peck has done some good work. He has given us a series of essays written in a sympathetic way—sometimes dogmatic—that renders them exceedingly interesting. Some of their subjects are the following: William Dean Howells, Marcel Provost, George Moore, The Evolution of a Mystic, The Passing of Nordau, The Migration of Popular Songs, etc.

The essay upon popular songs is very good. The Passing of Nordau is caustic but it is just, and in fact all of the essays are well worth a reading, if for nothing else than to find where one stands with respect to the matters the writer is discussing.

I imagine there is no one who does not feel a thrill of excitement when the fire alarm is sounded and he knows there is to be a struggle, to the death perhaps, between the brave firemen and the devouring element which is so good a servant, but so terrible a master. In the volume, Fighting a Fire, by Charles Thaxter Hill, recently published by the Century Company, of New York, a description full of thrilling interest is given of how the fire department of a great city is organized, how the firemen are trained, how the alarms are transmitted and much more that it is well to know.

I have only a few words to say about the new book of Benjamin Swift's, The Tormentor, and those few words will, of course, not please those who see in this young man a budding genius. I cannot, however, find in a work of this kind anything but some talent gone astray. There is no need in this world of ours of making the home of one's thought in overwrought passions that bring ruin and desolation everywhere. The Tormentor is published my Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The death struggle of a ship in mid-ocean is an awesome sight, awesome enough if one be safe and sound on the deck of a staunch vessel, but if there be but the flimsy shell of a skiff be twixt the beholder and the eternity of waters beneath, then indeed does the breath come hard, and the puny heartbeat well nigh cease." This little paragraph explains the condition in which the principal characters in Heroines of the Sea, by Florence M. Kingsley, find themselves in the opening of the story. A few hours later and they come to a beautiful yacht which is floating upon the sea, of which they take possession. An island finally dawns upon their vision. They land and find a castle beautifully furnished but tenantless. The strange mystery deepens. Presently the hero is carried away from the island mysteriously. He is treated with the greatest respect, but confined closely, making it certain that he is believed to be some great personage. The story is well written and fascinating, purporting to be a part of the strange history of The Man With the Iron Mask. It is published by David McKay, Philadelphia.

A very prettily gotten up book is one coming from the Peter Paul Book Company, of Buffalo. Upon each page is a sentiment expressed in good language, each of which will serve as a key to unlock the day's experiences. Here is one which will give an idea of the contents of the volume: "There are too many, many threads woven into soul life for the shuttle to have been in any hand but His who weaves the eternal destinies." Here is another: "When one being holds in completeness the imagination of another, no third, from whatsoever point of the compass he may enter, will be able to cast a shadow thereon." "Imagination paints all portraits, that it loves, miniature fine." Cyrilla is the sort of volume that should lie upon the table in the home sitting room, to be taken up at any leisure moment and some sweet gathered for the hour.

Ellen Douglas Deland has written a story for boys and girls entitled Alan Rainsford. The scene is laid in a suburb of Philadelphia, and most of the characters are included in two households, the one containing five rollicking boys and the other a single girl, who, however, brings in many of her girl friends living in the neighborhood. Alan is a manly fellow whose reserve keeps him some what apart from the others, and causes him to be misunderstood. He does not seem "to care much for girls," and consequently they vote him a bear." Later on they discover that he is really a charming fellow and change their judgment accordingly. He finds that among these girls there is one who is "all the world to him." The plot is well developed and the story exceedingly interesting. It is pure, strong and healthful. The Harpers are the publishers.

Other Mention.

A prettily bound book containing some good work is The Death of Falstaff and Other Poems by L. Bruce Moore. In the opening poem, which names the book, the writer has described in musical numbers the probable musings of Falstaff when facing Death. In a Far Land and Strange is another poem in pleasant measure.

A second part opens with In Defense of Death in five parts. They there are The Queer Old Man; The Street Organ; The Bells That Are Tolled and many more ranging over a large variety of subjects. A few with lighter thought and lilting measure as is found in The Garden of Delight would add the attractions of the volume. Peter Paul Book Co., Buffalo.

Literary Love Letters is the title of the first of a number of realistic stories told by Robert Herrick, and brought out in the pretty Ivory Series, published by the Scribners. The "letters" between a man and a woman who claim to love each other are amusing in their frankness. The letters are not remarkable, which is as they are written with the skill belonging to a master hand, and so attract the reader. A Question of Art is a decidedly painful story, showing how a plain but loving woman sacrificed herself to a brute. There is nothing but the way it is told which gives it any reason for being. Other stories in the book are More Morio; The Price of Romance; A Rejected Titian; Payment in Full, and A Prothalamion.

In Dillingham's Globe Library comes a reprint of Claude Duval of Ninety-Five, by Fergus Hume, the author of The Mystery of a Hansom Cab, etc. It is, of course, a tale of mystery, as are all of this author's writings, and proportionately fascinating. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.

HEATING STOVES $2.25 to $24.50. COOK STOVES $1.00 to $15.00. STEEL RANGES $19.00 and up. Sent to any address and paid for after received. For full particulars send for our FREE Stove Catalogue. SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) CHICAGO, ILL.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Grafting Apples and Peaches.

L. L., Missouri: There are several kinds of grafting—cleft, side, splice, or whip, saddle, root and approach. Cleft grafting: This mode of grafting is generally practiced on stocks of from one to two inches in diameter, and may be performed in this way: Let the head of the stock be carefully sawed off where the limb is free from knots, and the end pared smooth. Then with a thin knife, split down the stock through the center to the depth of about two inches, and insert a chisel to keep it open for the reception of the scion, which must be prepared in the form of a wedge, with one or two buds in the upper part, and inserted carefully so that the inner bark of the scion and of the stock may both exactly meet. Large stocks require two scions, one on each side, and sometimes four are inserted. When done, tie them firmly together with bass, and then cover the grafted part with well-prepared clay in an oval form and close it securely. These directions apply particularly to small limbs or small trees. Those stocks that will pinch the grafts sufficiently tight as soon as the chisel is taken out do not require any binding. When scions are set in large stocks it is sometimes necessary to drive in a small wedge to prevent the split stock from crushing the scion. A little caution must be exercised to have the stock pinch sufficiently tight to hold the scions securely in the desired position, else they will not live.

Side grafting: This mode is sometimes practiced on those parts of a tree where a limb is wanting. There are two ways in which it may be performed. First, the scion may be prepared in the same manner as for splice grafting and the bark and wood on the stock cut sloping; the scion being then adjusted as carefully as possible; it must be bound in and covered with clay. Second, the scion being cut sloping, a crescent is to be made in the side of the tree, in the top of a perpendicular slit; the bark of the tree above the crescent must be pared down slanting to the wood, and the bark raised, as in budding; the scion being then inserted, it must be bound fast and covered with clay.

Splice or Whip-Grafting.—This mode is often practiced on small stocks, and it succeeds best when the scion and stock are of an equal size. The scion, which should consist of young wood of the former year's growth, may be cut to the length of about four inches. This and the stock are each to be cut sloping for an inch or more, and tongued. Tonguing consists in cutting a slit in the middle of the slope of the stock downward and a corresponding slit in the scion upward. Both are now to be joined, so that one of the sides, if not both, shall perfectly coincide, and then securely bound with bass matting and covered with grafting clay or composition. As soon as the scion and stock are completely united, the bass or other string may be removed.

Saddle Grafting.—The upper part of the stock is prepared in the form of a wedge, by two sloping cuts, one on each side. The scion is prepared by slitting it upward and paring out the middle part on each side to a point. When the stock and scion are of equal size, the adjustment may be made perfectly; but if unequal one side must exactly meet. The whole is secured by a string of bass matting, and covered with composition or clay; but the string must be removed as soon as a perfect union has taken place.

Root Grafting.—This operation is often performed on grape vines, just below the level of the surface, by the splice mode of cleft-grafting. It is also performed on portions or pieces of root unless suitable stocks are scarce. The main thing in all kinds of grafting is to make a "close fit" between the stock and the scion.

Grafting by Approach.—The trees or shrubs to be grafted in this mode must be growing very near to those which are to furnish the grafts. The limbs or branches of each tree, which are thus to be united, must be pared with a long sloping cut of several inches, nearly to the center, and the parts of each tree thus prepared are to be brought together, and finally secured by a bandage of matting so that the bark shall meet as nearly as possible. The graft may then be covered with clay or composition, and when a complete union has taken place the trees or shrubs may be separated with a sharp knife, by cutting off below the junction. The time to graft is, perhaps, when the trees are in bloom. Some claim that the best time to graft cherry trees is when the buds begin to swell.

In grafting, those shoots or scions are best which are taken from the lateral or horizontal, rather than from the strong, perpendicular shoots. The shoots of apples, etc., should be taken from healthy trees late in autumn, or before they have begun to bud in the spring, and buried half of their length in the ground or in a cool, dry cellar, there to remain until the season for grafting.

Any of the varieties of the orange, lemon, lime or citron may be grafted or budded on the stocks of the common orange or lemon.

It may here be said that if bass wood bark cannot be had, narrow strips of calico may be substituted, or, my tongue, saddle or cleft grafting the graft may be wrapped with a strip of strong, thin paper, saturated with grafting wax. The wax is made with equal parts of resin, beeswax and tallow, melted together. The proportions may be varied to suit the weather. Grafting clay is made by taking equal parts of fresh horse manure, free from litter, cow manure, and good stiff clay. Add to this a portion of clay and work it together in the same manner as masons mix their mortar. It should be all beaten and incorporated several days before it is required to be used.

Spasmodic Colic.

T. E. C., Pennsylvania:—Your horse, judging from your letter, died of spasmodic colic. This is brought on by giving the animal large draughts of cold water, driving through cold streams, indigestible matter in the bowels, and other causes. Where corn is fed freely, especially if not perfectly dry, it will bring on indigestion. As soon as the animal is seen to have pain, all harness should be removed, and the animal placed in a wide stall, with plenty of bedding. A good remedy is, sulphuric ether, 2 ozs.; laudanum, 2 ozs., in half a pint of linseed oil. This should be kept by everyone owning a horse, to be used when needed. An injection per rectum should be given of three quarts of soapy water. This may be repeated. If the cramp is due to irritant in the bowels, a pint of linseed oil should be given. If the ether, laudanum and linseed oil are not to be had at once, administer half a pint of whisky in warm water. In giving injections a veterinary should be called without delay, if one can be had. If not a large syringe may be used by the amateur, and in the absence of that a bladder, attached to a small tube, may be used. The pressure on the bladder will send the contents through the horse. Great care must be taken in introducing the hose, which must be well-rounded and oiled, or serious results may occur.

Tobacco Raising.

C. N. R., Arkansas: The soils well adapted to the raising of tobacco are light loamy sand or alluvial, well drained and fertile. New land, free of weeds, and full of saline matter, is best suited to it, and next to this is a rich grass sod, which has long remained untilled. To learn the best fertilizer for land it is necessary to know the character of which it is composed. In 100 pounds of the elements are: Potash, 27.4; soda, 3.7; magnesia, 10.5; lime, 37.0; phosphoric acid, 3.6; sulphuric acid, 3.9; silica, 9.6; chlorine, 4.5. Potash and lime are rapidly exhausted from the soil by tobacco crop, hence these properties must be supplied as the succession of crops is harvested. The seed should be sown in beds which should be kept clean, as the plant is small and slow of growth in the early stages of its existence. If not newly cleared, the seed beds should be burned with a heavy coating of brush.

The beds should be well pulverized, and the seed sown at the rate of a table spoonful to every two square rods. The seeds are so minute that sowing evenly is scarcely attainable unless by first mixing with three or four times its bulk of fine mould. This should be done sufficiently early to secure proper maturity of the plants in time for transplanting (say by the first of February or early in March, south of the Ohio and Potomac, and about the first of April north of them), covering lightly and completely treading or rolling down the earth. The plant appears in 15 or 20 days, and will be fit for transplanting in six or eight weeks. This should be done in damp weather, and the plants set singly at a distance of two and a half to three feet each way. The after culture is like that of corn. The ground should be frequently stirred with the plow, or cultivator and hoe, and keeping weeds down. The place of such plants as fail must be filled up and all worms destroyed.

The crop is planted in rows, usually 3½ to 4 feet apart and 18 to 24 inches apart in the row. It depends much upon the locality and nature of the soil as to the most profitable tobacco to raise. Theoretically, each tobacco plant in the northern districts produces the filler, binder and wrapper necessary for the manufacture of a cigar. The best leaves are to be used for wrappers, the second quality for binders, while the remaining leaves are for fillers. Practically, however, it takes leaves of very different qualities and properties to make the best filler and the best wrapper. A soil which will produce the best grade of wrapper is not likely to produce a filler of corresponding value. A soil which will produce a filler of fine quality, will produce a wrapper leaf which is too heavy, strong and dark for our present market demands. On account of difference in the soils, different grades of tobacco are produced in the different Northern tobacco districts. The main sorts of the Connecticut valley crop are a wrapper and a binder leaf. This does not mean that good fillers are not raised on some of the soils of the Connecticut valley, but the average soils of the Connecticut valley, at present used for tobacco produce a good wrapper leaf and a poor filler, as a rule.

The soils of the tobacco district of Ohio are very strong, heavy soils, containing a very high water content. These produce a strong, heavy, dark type of tobacco, which can be used only at present for filler purposes. In Pennsylvania the same thing holds true, except that along the river courses the soils are lighter and a very fine quality of wrapper can be produced. The main dependence of the grower is a filler crop. The Wisconsin soils appear to come midway in texture between the Connecticut valley and the Pennsylvania soils and both filler and wrapper are produced.

Pruning, topping and suckering are necessary operations. The first consists in breaking off four or five of the leaves next the ground which are valueless; the second is taking off the top, to prevent the seed stalk from developing, and is regulated by the kind of tobacco. The first topping will always admit of a greater number of leaves being left, and in proportion as the season advances, fewer leaves should be left. The heavier kinds of tobacco are generally topped early in July, to twelve leaves, then to ten and still later to eight. The lighter kinds are topped to a greater number of leaves. If the soil is light, fewer leaves should be left. Suckering consists in breaking off the young shoots.

Harvesting may be commenced with such plants as have become sufficiently ripe, which is indicated by yellowish, yellow spots on the leaves. This will generally occur in August at the South and September at the North. The stem of the plant is cut near the ground, and allowed to wilt, but not exposed to a hot sun. If there is danger of this, it should be cut only in the morning or evening. When properly wilted, which will be in a few hours, it may be carefully carried to the drying houses, where it should be hung up by twine tied in the butt end of the stalk, and suspended over poles, at drying distances, with the head downwards. The circulation of air is necessary in the drying houses, but there must be entire safety against storms or winds, as the leaves are liable to break by agitation, and rain seriously injures them. When the stem in the leaf has become hard, it is sufficiently dried. This takes place in good weather, in two or three months. The leaves may be stripped in damp weather, when they will not crumble, and carefully bound in small bundles, termed hands and then boxed for shipment.

The best way to market tobacco is to get the name of some good reliable dealer, and write for prices. The fermentation or sweating is usually managed by the packers, and not by the farmers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To Prevent Rabbits From Gnawing.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In the Farmstead columns of The Blade of November 11th, Mr. Stanford Trublood, of Donovan, Iowa, asks for a good wash to prevent rabbits from gnawing fruit trees. In this section fruit growers use a protection for young trees made from plastering lath. Cut the lath in two, take four pieces and laying them side by side about one-half inch apart, fasten together with soft iron wire. Some use two wires fastening them to the lath about two inches from the ends with small staples. Others use four pieces of smaller wire—two at the top and two at the bottom, weaving the pieces of lath in and twisting the wires two or three times between the pieces, something after the manner of a picket fence. When finished the device will be two feet long and about ten inches wide. Bend around the tree and fasten the ends of the wire together. For larger trees use more pieces of lath. The cost of the material for the device described is less than a cent each. It is better and cheaper than any wash.—M. W. Von Seio, Quaker City, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brood-Sow Treatment.

To be certain of success in raising hogs the care of the brood sow is of vast importance. If she is to raise two litters a year, and at the same time retain her vitality she must not be neglected at any time during the year. It is the common practice to turn the sows to pasture after the pigs have been weaned, and give them no further attention until another litter of pigs is farrowed. This practice should not be tolerated.

Some claim that a brood sow should be thin in flesh. I have experimented on this line, and find that sows in good flesh at farrowing time will invariably give their pigs a better start than those that are thin. The brood sow should not be fed much corn, as it is too heating and tends to constipate the animal. During the summer months the brood sow should have the range of good cool clear water. I think that stagnant water is one of the most fruitful causes of diseases. Provide shelter in convenient places so that cool access may be had to it at all times, especially during storms and through the middle of the day.

An excellent summer feed for the brood sow is bran and shorts equal parts and a small amount of oil meal. This mixture made into a slop and fed three times a day to the sows will produce

Talmage's Sermon.

IN GOD'S ORCHARD.

The Fruits Thereof Free to All for the Mere Taking.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Dr. Talmage finds the Divine hand in all the dominions of the natural world, and this sermon presents religion in its most radiant attractiveness. The text is Genesis i, 11.: "The fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind."

It is Wednesday morning in Paradise. The birds did not sing their opening piece, nor the fish take their swim until the following Friday. The solar and lunar lights did not break through the thick, chaotic fog of the world's manufacture until Thursday. Before that there was light, but it was electric light or phosphorescent light, not the light of sun or moon. But the botanical and pomological productions came on Wednesday—first the flowers, and then the fruits. The veil of fog is lifted, and there stand the orchards. Watch the sudden maturity of the fruit! In our time pear trees must have two years before they bear fruit, and peach trees three years, and apple trees five years, but here, instantly, a complete orchard springs into life, all the branches bearing fruit. The insectile forces, which have been doing their worst to destroy the fruits for six thousand years, had not yet begun their invasion. The curculio had not yet stung the plum, nor the caterpillar hurt the apple, nor had the phylloxera plague, which has devastated the vineyards of America and France, assailed the grapes, nor the borer perforated the wood, nor the aphides ruined the cherry, nor the grub punctured the nectarine, nor the blight struck the pear. There stood the first orchard with a perfection of rind, and an exquisiteness of color, and a lusciousness of taste, and an affluence of production which it may take thousands of years more of study of the science of fruits to reproduce.

Why was the orchard created two days before the fish and birds, and three days before the cattle? Among other things, to impress the world with a lesson it is too stupid to learn—that fruit diet is healthier than meat diet, and that the former must precede the latter. The reason there are in the world so many of the imbruted and sensual is that they have not improved by the mighty, unnoticed fact that the orchards of Paradise preceded the herds, and aviaries, and fishponds. Oh, those fruit-bearing trees on the banks of the Euphrates, and the Gihon, and the Hiddekel! I wonder not that the ancient Romans, ignorant of our God, adored Pomona, the Goddess of Fruits, and that all the sylvan deities were said to worship her, and that groves were set apart as her temples. You have thanked God for bread a thousand times. Have you thanked him for the fruits which he made the first course of food in the menu of the world's table? The acids of those fruits to keep the world's table from being insipid, and their sweets to keep it from being too sour?

At this autumnal season how the orchards breathe and glow, the leaves removed, that the crimson, or pink, or saffron, or yellow, or brown may the better appear, while the aromatics fill the air with invitation and reminiscence. As you pass through the orchard on these autumnal days and look up through the arms of the trees laden with fruit, you hear thumping on the ground that which is fully ripe, and, throwing your arms around the trunk, you give a shake that sends down a shower of gold and fire on all sides of you. Pile up in baskets and barrels and bins and on shelves and tables the divine supply. But these orchards have been under the assault of at least sixty centuries—the storm, the droughts, the winters, the insectivorn. What must the first orchard have been? And yet it is the explorer's evidence that on the site of that orchard there is not an apricot, or apple, or an olive—nothing but desert and desolation. There is not enough to forage the explorer's horse, much less to feed his own hunger. In other words, that first orchard is a lost orchard. How did the proprietor and the actress of all that intercolumination of fruitage let the rich splendor slip their possession? It was as now most of the orchards are lost; namely, by wanting more. Access they had to all the fig trees, apricots, walnuts, almonds, apples—bushels on bushels—and were forbidden the use of only one tree in the orchard. Not satisfied with all but one, they reached for that, and lost the whole orchard. Go right down through the business marts of the great cities and find among the weighers and clerks and subordinates, men who once commanded the commercial world. They had a whole orchard of successes, but they wanted just one more thing, one more house, or one more country seat or one more store, or one more railroad, or one more million. They clutched for that and lost all they had gained. For one more tree they lost a whole orchard.

There are business men all around us worried nearly to death. The doctor tells them they ought to stop. Insomnia or indigestion or aching at the base of the brain or ungovernable nerves tell them they ought to stop. They really have enough for themselves and their families. Talk with them about their overwork, and urge more prudence and longer rest, and they say: "Yes, you are right; after I have accomplished one more thing that I have on my mind, I will hand over my business to my sons and go to Europe, and quit the kind of exhausting life I have been living for the last thirty years." Some morning you open your paper, and, looking at the death column, you find he suddenly departed this life. In trying to win just one more tree, he lost the whole orchard.

Yonder is a man with many styles of innocent entertainment and amusement. He walks, he rides, he plays ten pins in private alleys, he has books on his table, pictures on his wall, and occasional outings, concerts, lectures, base ball tickets, and the innumerable delights of friendship. But he wants a key to the place of dissolute convocation. He wants association with some member of a high family as reckless as he is affluent. He wants instead of a quiet Sabbath, one of strong drinks. He wants the permissions of a profligate life. The one membership the one mad habit, the one carousal robs him of all the possibilities and innocent enjoyments and noble inspirations of a lifetime. By one mouthful of forbidden fruit he loses a whole orchard of fruit unforbidden.

You see what an expensive thing is sin. It costs a thousand times more than it is worth. As some of all kinds of quadrupeds and all kinds of winged creatures passed before our progenitor that he might announce a name, from eagle to lion, and from lion to mole, so I suppose there were in paradise specimens of every kind of fruit tree. And in that enormous orchard there was not only enough for the original family of two, but enough fruit fell ripe to the ground, and was never picked up, to supply whole towns and villages, if they had existed. But the infatuated couple turned away from all these other trees and faced this tree; and fruits of that they will have though it cost them all paradise.

This story of Eden is rejected by some as an improbability, if not an impossibility, but nothing on earth is easier for me to believe than the truth of this Edenic story, for I have seen the same thing in this year of our Lord 1897. I could tell them by name, if it were polite and righteous to do so, the men who have sacrificed a paradise on earth and a paradise in heaven for one sin. Their house went. Their library went. Their good name went. Their field of usefulness went. Their health went. Their immoral soul went. My friends! there is just one sin that will turn you out of paradise if you do not quit it. You know what it is, and God knows, and you had better drop the hand and arm lifted toward that bending bough before you pluck your own ruin. When Adam stood on tiptoe and took in his right hand that one round peach, or apricot, or apple, satan reached up and pulled down the round, beautiful world of our present residence. Overworked artist, overwrought merchant, ambitious politician, avaricious speculator, better take that warning from Adam's orchard and stop before you put out for that one thing more.

But I turn from Adam's orchard to Solomon's orchard. With his own hand he writes: "I made me gardens and orchards." Not depending on the natural fall of rain, he irrigated those orchards. Pieces of the aqueduct that watered those gardens I have seen, and the reservoirs are as perfect as when thousands of years ago the mason's trowel smothered the mortar over their gray surfaces. No orchard of olden or modern time, probably, ever had its thirst so well slaked. The largest of these reservoirs is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide and 50 feet deep. These reservoirs Solomon refers to when he says: "I made the pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Solomon used to ride out to that orchard before breakfast. It gave him an appetite and something to think about all the day. Josephus, the historian, represents him as going out "early in the morning from Jerusalem to the famed rocks of Etam, a fertile region, delightful with paradises and running springs. Thither the king, in robes of white, rode in his chariot, escorted by a troop of mounted archers chosen for their youth and stature, and clad in Tyrian purple, whose long hair, powdered with golddust, sparkled in the sun."

After Solomon had taken his morning ride in these luxuriant orchards he would sit down and write those wonderful things in the Bible, drawing his illustrations from the fruits he had that very morning plucked or ridden under. And, wishing to praise the coming Christ, he says: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved." And wishing to describe the love of the church for her Lord, he writes: "Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love," and desiring to make reference to the white hair of the octogenarian, and just before having noticed that the blossoms of the almond tree were white, he says of the aged man: "The almond tree shall flourish." The walnuts and the pomegranates, and the mandrakes, and the figs, make Solomon's writings a divinely arranged fruit basket.

What mean Solomon's orchards and Solomon's gardens? For they seem to mingle, the two into one, flowers under foot, and pomegranates over head. To me they suggest that religion is a luxury. All along, the world has looked upon religion chiefly as a dire necessity—a lifeboat from the shipwreck, a ladder from the conflagration, a soft landing place after we have been shoved off the precipice of this planet. As a consequence so many have said: "We will await preparation for the future until the crash of the shipwreck, until the conflagration is in full blaze, until we reach the brink of the precipice." No double religion is inexpressibly important for the last exigency. But what do the apples, and the figs, and the melons, and the pomegranates, and the citron, and the olives of Solomon's orchard mean? Luxury! They mean that our religion is the luscious, the aromatic, the pungent, the arborescent, the afforescent, the foliaged, the umbrageous. They mean what Edward Payson meant when he declared "If my happiness continues to increase I can not support it much longer."

It means what Bapa Padmanji, a Hindoo convert, meant when he said: "I long for my bed, not that I may sleep—I go to it to converse and sing—but to hold communion with my God." It means what the old colored man said, when he was accosted by the colporteur, "Uncle Jack, how are you?" "I is very painful in my knee, but, thank my heavenly Master, I'm cause to be thankful. My good Master just gib me nuf to make me humble." "And do you enjoy religion as much now, Uncle Jack, as when you could go to church and class meetings?" "Yes, I 'joys him more. Den I truss to de people, to de meetings, to de sarmeut, and when I hear de hymn sing and de prey I feels glad. But all dis sin't like de good Lord I do hear. God is here." It means sunrise instead of sundown. It means the Memnon statue made to sing at the stroke of the morning light. It means the "time of the singing of birds is come." It means Jeremiah's "well watered garden." It means David's oil of gladness. It means Isaiah's "bride and bridegroom." It means Luke's bad boy come home to his father's house. Worldly joy killed Leo X. when he heard that Milan was captured. Talva died of joy when the Roman senate honored him. Diagora died of joy because his three sons were crowned at the Olympian games. Sophocles died of joy over his literary successes. And religious joy has been too much for many a Christian, and his soul has sped away on the wing of hosannas.

An old and poor musician played so well one night before his king that the next morning when the musician awoke he found his table covered with golden cups and plates, and a princely robe lying across the back of a chair, and richly caparisoned horses were pawing at the doorway to take him through the street in imposing equipage. It was only a touch of what comes to every man who makes the Lord his portion for he has waiting for him, direct from his King, robes, banquets, chariots, mansions, triumphs, and it is only a question of time when he shall wear them, drink them, ride in them, live in them, and celebrate them.

You think religion a good thing for a funeral. O, yes. But Solomon's orchard means more. Religion is a good thing now, when you are in health and prosperity and the appetite is good for citrone, and apples, and apricots and pomegranates. Come in without wasting any time in talking about them and take the luxuries of religion. Happy yourself, then you can make others happy. Make just one person happy every day, and in 20 years you will have made 7,300 people happy. I like what Wellington said after the battle of Waterloo, and when he was in pursuit of the French with his advance guard, and Col. Harvey said to him: "General, you had better not go any farther, for you may be shot at by some straggler from the bushes." And Wellington replied: "Let them fire away. The battle is won and my life is of no value now." My friends, we ought never to be reckless, but if, through the pardoning and reeuling grace of Christ, you have gained the victory over sin and death and hell, you need fear nothing on the earth or under the earth. Let all the sharpshooters of perdition blaze away; you may ride on in joy triumphant.

Religion for the funeral? O, yes; but religion for the wedding breakfast; religion for the brightest morning and autumn's most gorgeous sunset. Religion for the day when the orchards of the heavenly orchard. But all manner of varieties, and I will tell you of at least twelve of those varieties: Joy of divine worship; joy over the victories of the Lamb who was slain; joy over the repentant sinners; joy of recounting our own rescue; joy of embracing old friends; joy at recognition of patriarchs, apostles, evangelists, and martyrs; joy of ringing harmonies; joy of reknitting broken friendships; joy at the explanation of Providential mysteries; joy at walking the boulevards of gold; joy at looking at walls green with emerald, and blue with sapphire, and crimson with jasper, and aflash with amethyst, entered through swinging gates, their posts, their hinges, and their panels of richest pearl; joy that there is to be no subsidence, no reaction, no terminus to the felicity.

All that makes twelve different joys, twelve manner of fruits. So much for variety. But if you take the other interpretation, and say it means twelve crops a year, I am with you still, for that means abundance. That will be the first place we ever got into where there is enough of everything. Enough of health, enough of light, enough of supernal association, enough of love, enough of knowledge, enough of joy. The orchards of this lower world put out all their energies for a few days in autumn, and then, having yielded one crop, their banners of foliage are dropped out of the air, and all their beauty is adjourned until the blossoming of the next May time, but twelve crops in the heavenly orchard during that which on earth we call a year means abundance perpetually.

While there is enough of the pomp of the city about heaven for those who like the city best, I thank God there is enough in the Bible about the country scenery in heaven to please those of us who were born in the country and never got over it. Now you may have streets of gold in heaven; give me the orchards, with the twelve manner of fruits, and yielding their fruit every month; and the leaves of the trees are for "the healing of the nations; and there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever."

But just think of a place so brilliant that the noonday sun shall be removed from the mantle of the sky because it is too feeble a taper! Yes, most of all, am I impressed with the fact that I am not yet fit for that place, nor you either. By the reconstructing and sanctifying grace of Christ we need to be made all over. And let us be getting our passports ready if we want to get into that country. An earthly passport is a personal matter, telling our height, our gender, the color of our hair, our features, our complexion, and our age. I cannot get into a foreign port on your passport, nor can you get in on mine. Each one of us for himself needs a divine signature, written by the wounded hand of the Son of God, to get into the heavenly orchard, under the laden branches of which, in God's good time, we may meet the Adam of the first orchard, and the Solomon of the second orchard, and the St. John of the last orchard, to sit down under the tree of which the church in the Book of Canticles speaks when it says: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste;" and there it may be found that to-day we learned the danger of hankering after one thing more, and that religion is a luxury, and that there is a divine antidote for all poisons, and that we had created in us an appetite for heaven, and that it was a wholesome and saving thing for us to have discoursed on the pomology of the Bible: or God among the orchards.

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS

Is a beautiful possession. If a woman owns one, and if a single pearl drops off the string, she makes haste to find and restore it.

Good health is a more valuable possession than a necklace of the most beautiful pearls, yet one by one the jewels of health slip away, and women seem indifferent until it is almost too late, and they cannot be restored.

To die before you are really old is to suffer premature death, and that is a sin. It is a sin because it is the result of repeated violations of nature's laws.

Pain, lassitude and weariness, inability to sleep, dreadful dreams, starting violently from sleep, are all symptoms of nerve trouble.

You cannot have nerve trouble and keep your health. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the womb, the ovaries and the bladder are affected. They are not vital organs, hence they give out soonest.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, by building up the nerves and restoring woman's organism to its natural state, relieves all these troublesome uterine symptoms. In confirmation of this we, by permission, refer to the following women, all of whom speak from experience: Miss Celia Van Horn, 1912 Sharswood St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Grace Collord, 1434 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. Newell, 50 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Isabel Oberg, 220 Chestnut St., Woburn, Mass., Mrs. A. H. Cole, New Rochelle, N. Y., and many others

For special symptoms Mrs. Pinkham has prepared a Sanative Wash, which will cure local troubles. Give these medicines a trial.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., if you are not quite satisfied; you can address private questions to a woman.

TROUBLE BREWING.

It was an elderly colored woman, with a determined air, whom the physician found waiting in his office, says the Washington "Star."

"Want to see me, aunty?" he inquired.

"Yassuh; I's been waitin' hyuh foh mos' an hour."

"Are you sick?"

"Dyed I is."

"What is it this time—chills and fever?"

"No. 'Tain't chills an' fever, nor yit

"TAIN'T NO NONSENSICALITY."

rheumatism. But I's pow'fu sick, an' I wants a puhscription. I wants you ter see of yoh kain't put me up er lovechahm. I was goin' to a reg'lar chahm doctuh, but I wanted dishere job done puh'tic'lar, an' I doesn't like ter trust it ter anybody 'ceppin' somebody wif bookknowledge."

"Why, aunty! The idea of a woman of your age having any such nonsensical ideas. I'm ashamed of you."

"'Tain't no nonsensicality," she sturdily protested. "I wan'ts yer to put up dat love-chahm, an' I wants yer to make it strong, 'case it's gwineter take a mighty pow'ful dose ter 'complish any good."

"Is anybody trying to run off with your husband?"

"Deed dey isn't. Der ain' nobody wif dat little sense."

"You surely aren't trying to win the affections of anybody else?"

"No, suh, I's won mo' 'fections dan I knows whut ter do wif now."

"For whom do you want this charm, then?"

"For me. I's gwineter take it myself. I's done married de man, an' it's mer duty ter ut up wif' no-'counness. It's him dat I's sick of. I's gittin' ter dislike 'im mo' an' mo' an' ef I doesn't take medicone fur it mighty soon, dah's gwineter be trouble."

The Curse of Caste.

"He is beneath you."

"But my every thought is of him."

"Dear girl, you do not know your own mind."

"How can I, when it's out of my set, that way?"

She might flutter and beat against the bars of caste, but all in vain; to say nothing of the likelihood of injuring her complexion.—Detroit Journal.

Natural History.

"Did you know my little boy," asked the solemn old gentleman, "that a bee can fly faster than a pigeon?"

"I didn't know it before," said the little boy, "but I know he can sit down a heap harder."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Choice Occupation.

They were making out the dance list for a prospective ball and were putting down lancers, waltzes, two-steps, etc., when they were interrupted.

"What are you doing?" said the newcomer.

"Don't you see?" replied the wit of the family. "Picking hops."—North American.

If you cannot get beef, mutton will answer.

You may choose between milk, water, coffee or tea. But there is no second choice for Scott's Emulsion.

It is Scott's Emulsion or nothing.

When you need the best cod-liver oil, the best hypophosphites, and the best glycerine, all combined in the best possible manner, you have only one choice.

It brings prompt results in all cases of wasting, or loss in weight.

All druggists; 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

BLADDER TROUBLES.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

SAMPLE SENT FREE.

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. It is comforting to know that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root fulfills every wish in quickly curing bladder and urinary troubles. It corrects frequent calls, inability to hold urine and scalding or stinging pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists 50 cents and $1. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention Weekly Blade and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

WHAT IT WAS FOR.

The alderman had just returned from a trip to Ireland, says the Kansas City Star. He had not been there since the day he left, raw and red and ragged. He had left his old father and mother and his brother in

"I WAS NOT AISY OVER THERE."

the little shanty within the shadow of the cathedral, that cost more than the whole town. The father and mother died, but the brother was still there.

The alderman had not always been an alderman. He had risen by successive stages from laborer up to contractor, and eventually to politician and alderman.

He met the ward boys in the corner saloon the evening of his return, and, between the rounds of beer, told of his adventures.

"I was not aisy over there. It had all changed, an' me father an' mither were gone, God bless 'em, an' me brother didn't know any more about this country than he did about Afghanistan. He tried to entertain me, but I was lonesome. I thought 'em how to play poker down to the village tavern, but they was as poor as dirt, an' th' game wasn't worth the time.

"It come Sunday an' me brother says, 'Paddy, we'll go to mass.' 'No,' says I 'we'll go to the tavern.' 'Very well,' says he, 'we'll go to the cathedral first, an' the tavern afterward.'

"An' so it was. I'd niver bin in a cathedral the loike av that befoor. There was incense an' music, an' the priests intoned that sweetly that I was delighted an' surprised.

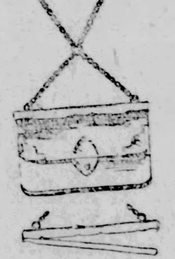
"When we come out I stood an' looked up at the grand buildin', an' I says to me brother, from the bottom of me heart, says I:

"'Moike, that beats hell!'

"'Yis,' says Moike, 'it do. That was the intintion.'"

CANNOT BE LOST.

Pockets were long ago entirely out of the question where women's garments are concerned, and the habit of carrying a purse in one's hand has not only the drawback of being inviting to thieves snatching it, but also makes it easy for the owner to lay her pocketbook down and then to forget it. An arrangement has been made in various sizes to fit any purse, which consists merely in a metal



NEW PURSE GUARD.

bar, or snap, which clips tightly over the top of the purse, catching it firmly. This snap is fitted with a light but strong chain, to be carried about the shopper's wrist.

Not only does the chain secure the purse, but its length is such that the book may be opened and closed at will without loosening it from the arm. The safety and convenience of this little patent is said to be greatly appreciated by nervous women. The clasps are made in steel at a small price, but more fastidious ladies can secure them in silver or gold.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Letting Him Down Gently.

"I think I lost an umbrella in an elevated train yesterday," he said, timidly, to the clerk in the lost-baggage department.

"Do you think you lost it," replied the clerk. "Most persons are certain that they have lost an umbrella when they come here to inquire for it."

"I am certain that I lost my umbrella," the man retorted in a severe tone, "and I think that I left it in one of your trains."

"Yes."

"What time?"

"Sixth avenue, southbound."

"Sixth avenue, southbound? About what time in the day?"

"About 7 o'clock."

"Seven a. m. or seven p. m.?"

"Seven p. m."

"Silk umbrella, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Black?"

"Yes, black silk umbrella."

"Cherry stick, with bent handle?"

"That is it, exactly."

"No name inside?"

"No; no name inside. I've always intended to have my name and address put in but have neglected it so far. I'll do it now."

"Well, I'm sorry," replied the clerk, after he had run his finger down two or three pages in a big book, "but no such umbrella has been turned in here yesterday or to-day."—Harper's Bazar.

Great Practice.

Quizzer—How did Gen. Guzzle get to be such a skillful strategist?

Gyer—Going to bed without waking his wife.—New York Journal.

COST OF FILIBUSTERING

UNCLE SAM HAS PAID TWO MILLION DOLLARS TO STOP IT.

That Is the Additional Cost of the Navy for Its Employment in Watching for These Expeditions.

The United States has given $2,000,000 to Spain.

It has expended this sum upon its navy to prevent the departure of filibustering expeditions from its shores to Cuba.

The United States has done this, not from love of Spain, but to protect its own national credit. Spain, instead of criticising, should be thankful.

This effort made by the government to prevent filibustering is without parallel in the history of nations.

In the Franco-Prussian war England expressly stated that, while maintaining her neutrality code, she would spend no sum of money to prevent excursions from leaving her shores. And in the contests between Ireland and England, in the Irish wars, France told both countries that if they wanted the coasts defended they must depend upon themselves.

The United States now claims that Spain should protect the Cuban waters for itself. If Spain will spend $2,000,000 during the next twelve-month in keeping the coast of Cuba free from the landing of filibustering expeditions, it will then be said to have done its part. As matters now stand, Spain is compelling the United States to spend all the money.

The New York and the Iowa are about to sail for Havana. These two magnificent steamships are going there at the request of American citizens in Havana, who are alarmed at the serious state of affairs, and demand the protection due them from their own country. They will go heavily armed, and as warships on missions of war. It will be their business to lie peacefully off Havana, unless called into duty by the needs of American citizens.

The United States government is indignant at the suspicion cast upon it by Spain, and has demanded an apology. Secretary Long says this, for he made public this statement:

"The navy has maintained a cordon of ships along the coast, especially in southern waters, where filibusters have shown the greatest activity. The treasury department has kept a fleet of revenue cutters on patrol duty, and both the treasury and department of justice have been in constant communication with collectors, marshals and others for the purpose of preventing violations of the neutrality laws."

WARSHIPS ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.

No Precedent.

It is customary in time of war for the fighting country to maintain its own cordon of ships. If England fights Ireland she must send out her warships to prevent Frenchmen from sending arms to the Irish. If Spain fights Cuba she must hold the Cuban seas tight in the hollow of her hand to prevent filibustering from landing. It is only the strong national pride of the United States that has made possible see in the international code an excuse for spending money. Probably no one thing has ever turned official sentiment as much toward Cuba as the recent message of the Queen Regent to her minister.

At a cabinet council of a few days ago she directed Senor Sagasta, her prime minister, and Senor Gullon, minister of foreign affairs, to instruct the ministers to frame a threatening protest to the United States against further filibustering.

These have been since the Cuban agitation became pronounced three years ago, only 50 in number. They have set sail at dead of night and have carried on board an abundance of fruit to deceive the ocean patrol.

Spain claims that the insurrection has obtained all its fuel in this manner, and that without it the rebellion would have been crushed out long ago.

Spain's Fault.

To this the United States authorities make the reply that if Spain had been one-half as diligent as they there would have been no filibustering at all. If 50 ships and schooners—fruit vessels and sail boats—have slipped through the United States cordon, 50 have also slipped past the Spanish cordon off Cuba and the principal trouble has been experienced, not in landing in Cuba but in getting away from the United States. Hundreds have been caught attempting to pass the United States, but none in passing the Spanish boats.

Paul Brown, one of the pilots of the filibusters, said to a United States officer:

"If it was as easy to get out of here as it is to land in Cuba we'd start 20 expeditions every day. We're all right as soon as we get out of Florida waters, but it's mighty ticklish getting past the Yessuvius."

W. T. Marks, another Southern pilot, made the remark: "That's the tightest job I've struck since I was in mule getting past the cruisers off Key West. They're always on the lookout. The last time I made them I had the Three Friends. It was painted a new color and loaded with fruit outside. As it was they kept such a close watch on us that we didn't dare to breathe. I guess they watch everything that goes out."

The navy claims that it has at the present time nine steamships in commission along the coast.

The Florida coast is divided into three sections, of which Pensacola, Key West and Jacksonville are the centers, and at each end of these points is stationed a man-of-war. These do not remain in one spot, but patrol the coast north and south. This Florida patrol alone has cost the navy $1,000,000, and from the middle of the Cleveland administration until now there have been 15 revenue cruisers and cutters stationed there, including the Cincinnatti, Detroit, Montgomery, Maine, Newark, Raleigh, Wasington, Marblehead, Wilmington, Vesuvius, Annapolis and Helena.

At the present time the Wenona, Howard, McLean, Boutwell, Merrill and Colfax, some of the best of the revenue cutters are in Florida waters or on the way there. And besides maintaining this patrol the treasury has paid out good money to station revenue cutters all along the North Atlantic and Texas coasts to watch for filibusters.

The expenditure began with Cleveland, who sent a warship to Key West promptly upon the beginning of the Cuban war to enforce the execution of the neutrality laws, which do not allow one nation to help another in time of war while these nations continue friendly. Later Mr. Cleveland sent three men-of-war and four cutters to Florida, and one of his last acts was to send out a warning to all those assisting the Cuban cause. His administration also employed special agents to find out the plans of the Cuban sympathizers, in order to be able to thwart them.

Unless a special appropriation for this purpose is soon made the United States treasury will not feel itself at liberty to put out more money to prevent filibustering, and the government will be able, with propriety, to do away with the cordon maintained along its Atlantic coast. Were the United States to protect entirely its thousand miles of coast it would need to spend six times $2,000,000, and for this it would receive no return beyond blame from Spain when a filibuster succeeded in getting out of the country by means of one of the numerous bays that indent the Atlantic coast.

Spain has 60 warships off Cuba, but with these 60 has succeeded in capturing only one filibuster. This was a mere sailboat, the Competitor, which, at the time of its capture, was befogged. All the others have passed the Spanish cordon without trouble.

The United States now claims that Spain should protect the Cuban waters for itself. If Spain will spend $2,000,000 during the next twelve-month in keeping the coast of Cuba free from the landing of filibustering expeditions, it will then be said to have done its part. As matters now stand, Spain is compelling the United States to spend all the money.

The New York and the Iowa are about to sail for Havana. These two magnificent steamships are going there at the request of American citizens in Havana, who are alarmed at the serious state of affairs, and demand the protection due them from their own country. They will go heavily armed, and as warships on missions of war. It will be their business to lie peacefully off Havana, unless called into duty by the needs of American citizens.

The United States government is indignant at the suspicion cast upon it by Spain, and has demanded an apology. Secretary Long says this, for he made public this statement:

"The navy has maintained a cordon of ships along the coast, especially in southern waters, where filibusters have shown the greatest activity. The treasury department has kept a fleet of revenue cutters on patrol duty, and both the treasury and department of justice have been in constant communication with collectors, marshals and others for the purpose of preventing violations of the neutrality laws."

The Sunday School.

LESSON 9, NOVEMBER 28, 1897.

Salutary Warnings.

Golden Text: Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.—1 Pet. 4:7.

(1 Pet. 4:1-8. Memory verses 7, 8.)

1. Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin;

2. That he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.

3. For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries:

4. Wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them to the same excess of riot, speaking evil of you:

5. Who shall give account to him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead.

6. For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.

7. But the end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.

8. And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins.

Illustrative Applications.

Forasmuch then as Christ suffered in the flesh, arm ye yourselves also with the same mind; for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin (v. 1). This is a good thing to be willing to change your opinion when convinced of it is a wrong one. Consistency in wrong is wrong. No one was more set against the idea that Messiah should suffer than Peter before the crucifixion and resurrection. No one afterward more insists on its fact and necessity. Four times in this brief Epistle, Peter recurs to the fact of the suffering Christ. Do not hold to an opinion simply for the sake of holding it. Convinced of its untruth, heartily and bravely abandon it, as Peter did. The meaning of the Christian life is that it is to be animated with Christ's spirit. His was a spirit of willingness to suffer, when need was. It is a sad thing when the whole idea of pleasing Christian consecration be to have a good time." The true purpose is to have a right time, even at the cost of suffering. When we are willing to suffer against a sin, it is not very likely we shall fall into it: in this sense we cease from it. When Joseph was willing to endure a false imprisonment rather than do a great wickedness and sin against God, the very sharpness of his suffering became a preventing hedge from sin. There is sweet and unique reward in suffering when we endure it for the sake of righteousness.

That ye no longer should live the rest of your time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God (v. 2). That is a solemn word—the rest of your time in the flesh. If we had a half-dozen, or even two, lives to live in this world, it would not so much matter. But we are, each one of us, inexorably shut up to but one life, and a part of that is already irretrievably gone; we have only the rest of life left. How should the stern fact stir us, every one, to make the utmost of the fragment of life left us! The word "lusts" has the root-meaning of "lingering desire." One at such heels is like a mass of seaweed carried here and there by winds and waves. He is surged about as untamed desire lists. But the will of God is stable, controlling, noble. There can be no question as to which should be the master of the soul. There is no sadder sight—and I have seen such—than that of a young man tossed, like a cockle-shell, hither and yon upon the wild, waste waves of raging desire. The remedy and the refuge is to anchor in the will of God.

Wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them—speaking evil of you (v. 4). Do not think it strange if the Christian life seem strange to the unChristian. The Christian owns higher allegiance, and he may not do what he feels his Lord does not smile on, even though his companions delight in it, and sneer at him as "bigoted" and "narrow." But be conscious of the smile of your Lord, and the coming words of those who do not serve your Lord will not much

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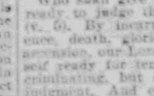

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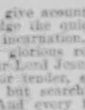

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wound. That can hardly be a very real, strong, Christian life out of which shall never emerge difference between itself and the life unChristian. At all hazards, and notwithstanding gibes and flings, the Christian must be true to his Lord.

Who shall give account to him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead (v. 5). By incarnation, human experience, death, glorious resurrection and ascension, our Lord Jesus has made himself ready for tender, sympathetic, discriminating, but searching and exact, judgment. And every human life that was of is must culminate before that tribunal. The solemn shadow of the judgment broods over every one. To five as though there were to be no judgment, and without preparation for it, is surely the most criminal folly. I think the certainty of the coming judgment should drive every one of us to refuge in the atoning Saviour. Cert

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1897.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS WHOSE TIME EXPIRES THIS MONTH.

Less than two weeks remain in which you can accept the liberal proposition we have made you. Don't let the opportunity pass, as you will afterwards regret it. Thousands have come in since the beginning of the present month, and we hope not one will stay out. The Blade is worth more dollars during the year to each subscriber, than the pennies it costs. Who will get the fine oil painting that we shall award on December 1 for the largest club of yearly subscribers sent us this month?

PLEASED WITH THE PICTURE.

The following courteous letter is from the gentleman who received an oil painting for raising the largest club sent for the Weekly Blade during the month of October:

Holton, Mich., Nov. 7, 1897.

Toledo Blade Co., Toledo, O.:

Gentlemen:—I acknowledge the receipt of the painting you sent me for the largest yearly club of subscribers for October, and would say I am highly pleased with it. I think it is a fine work of art. I thank you very kindly.

J. E. WILCOX.

Who will be the fortunate possessor of the oil painting which will be given for the largest club sent us during November?

THE BLADE CHINA SETS.

Under the new offer, The Blade china sets are having a remarkable sale, and are giving the highest satisfaction. Those who have obtained them are delighted with their fine quality and their beauty. They are the best quality we have ever offered, and the price is lower than ever before, and lower than such goods can be purchased for in any other way. Don't hesitate to send in your orders, for you will be delighted with the goods. Read the advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

OUR NEW WATCH OFFER.

Our readers will find a new watch list given in the Publishers' Column, on the fifth page of this paper. The list embraces both cheap grades and standard watches, and, though it is not long, gives sufficient variety to suit all. Order by name; not by number. Read the offer throughout, and you will know exactly what the watches are.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH KANSAS.

The people of the state of Kansas are freakish but they have seasons of sanity and one of them was when they voted at the recent election.

Last year Kansas gave Bryan a plurality of 13,000. The vote this year shows a Repubjlican gain of something like 33,000. On this year's vote every congressional district in the state went Republican. In 31 counties Republicans elected the entire tickets and a majority of the officers elected in 79 counties are Republicans. The Republicans elected 407 county officers in the state while the Populists elected 217 and the Democrats six. Evidently the voters have had a taste of prosperity. A good report may be expected from that state in the state and congressional elections next year.

GOV. LIPPITT'S ORATION.

The Blade acknowledges the receipt of the pamphlet edition of the oration of Governor Charles Warren Lippitt, of Rhode Island, which was delivered last summer at Cleveland, O., on the occasion of the celebration of the centennial of the founding of that city.

The oration gives a careful account of the famous action on Lake Erie, and of the events and causes leading to the construction of the famed American fleet. Perry was ordered to the lake from Rhode Island and brought with him from that state 150 trained sailors and ship carpenters to create a fleet in the wilderness at Erie. It was a great undertaking, and the admirable account of it by Governor Lippitt deserves a permanent place in all Ohio historical collections.

HANNA WILL BE CHOSEN.

The Democratic papers of Ohio, led by the Cincinnati Enquirer, are asserting that a fight will be made on Senator Hanna in the Republican legislative ranks January.

This is all folly. There is no evidence of any such movement. Not a single Republican member-elect of either branch of the General Assembly can be found who will not vote for Mr. Hanna.

The Republican state convention, at Toledo last June, endorsed Mr. Hanna for the Senatorship. His candidacy was the leading issue in the contest. The Republicans won, and they will carry into effect the mandate of the state convention. There is not the slightest doubt of this, and the Democratic assertions to the contrary are simply falsehoods—that is all.

The Reform Bureau, of Washington, D. C., is ready to supply pastors and other moral leaders with documents relating to national hopes and perils, suitable for study and use in connection with the three red-letter days, now at hand, Thanksgiving, Nov. 25, World's Temperance Sunday, Nov. 28, and the assembling of Congress, Dec. 6.

He is the same Grover, even if he is a private citizen. He snaps his fingers in the face of the Presbyterian church, and does it with as little worry to himself as he was accustomed to fly in the face of the Democratic party. Grover Cleveland believes in Grover, and he always will.

Senator Gorman is said to have his eye fixed on the Democratic Senatorial nomination in 1900. By that time he will be a forgotten factor in politics.

BEET SUGAR FACTORIES.

There are at the present time ten sugar beet factories in operation in the United States, with an output of 4,200 tons of sugar for the four months' season. There is no reason, if farmers in each locality will agree to raise enough beets, why there should not be 5,000 such plants in the country, with a total output of over 2,000,000 tons for each season.

The German farmers net an average of $58 per acre for their beet crop each year. They have the protection of an export bounty which the government pays on all beet sugar exported. But the present sugar duty in the United States gives to the American farmers greater protection than the bounty does to those of Germany.

The German farmers of a given locality unite and erect a co-operative sugar factory with their own money, and thus make a profit larger than is possible if they simply raise beets and sell to the factory outright. There is no reason why American farmers shall not pursue the same course.

It would build up at once a competition with the American Sugar Refining Company—otherwise better known as the Sugar Trust—which could not be bought off, and which would take the price of sugar out of the control of the trust. Sugar plants owned by farmers can live and do business with less risk than can the trust, because the farmers can clear their profit on the beet crop by supplying their own factory, even should the latter not do more than pay its own running expenses. This the trust cannot do, and live, as its only chance of profit lies in the income from refining alone.

The field is a splendid one, and the live, progressive farmers of the United States should take possession of it. Through it they will add largely to the income from their farms, and make agriculture once more a highly profitable occupation.

ANOTHER CRANK IDEA.

Nothing so strongly illustrates the lack of exact knowledge among the devotees of the silver craze than the proposition made in the West by some of them to force the teaching of their theories in colleges and other institutions of advanced learning. They have drawn up a bill for that purpose which they propose to submit to the legislatures of the various states this winter. And the most extraordinary provision of the measure is that which would allow any crack-brained theorist or peripatetic silver bowler to register, lecture and draw pay therefor from the tuition fees of the students. Here is that section of the bill:

Section 1. That in the state of —— the degrees of bachelor of science, master of science, and doctor of philosophy in economic, political, and social science shall not be granted by institutions of learning except those wherein the students are permitted to attend the classes of such competent instructors as may register for the work called for in the attainment of the above-named degrees, and who shall be permitted to give courses in the class-rooms upon an equal footing with the teachers employed by the trustees; the institutions, however, to be in nowise bound to pay such teachers only the proportion of the tuition fee due to each course so given. The students shall receive a credit equal to that given for like work under a teacher employed by the trustees.

The scheme is an absurd one, but that makes no difference to any man who has such a lack of knowledge as to believe that any law decreeing a ratio between the prices of two products can be made effective. The plan of fixing prices by law, as well as that of fixing the comparative value of legal tender coins, has been tried time and again in the history of the world, and never could be made effective. To compel the teaching of such delusions would be a crime against intelligence and a sin against civilization. We do not think any state legislature will pass any such bill; but the fact that a proposition is actually made to do it is a shame to the whole American people.

THE LOVEJOY MONUMENT.

Alton, Ill., has erected an imposing monument to the memory of Elijah P. Lovejoy, who, sixty years ago, was shot to death by a mob in that town while defending the right of free press and free speech against slavery.

The grand monument stands to-day a memorial of the progress which has been made in those sixty years. Lovejoy died because he was brave enough to attack the crime of human slavery. To-day there is not a man in the United States to speak in its defense; not one who would restore it, had he the power.

Verily, the world does move! To the enthusiast and the zealot, its growth in righteousness, in justice and in true freedom is exasperatingly slow. But as the years roll on, the false, the wrong, the unjust pass away, and the eternal Right is revealed more and more. Lovejoy's soul burned within him at the hideous wrong of the slave system, and he attacked it with all the strength of his fiery nature. The blind prejudices of his neighbors led to his martyrdom, but his death did not injure the cause in which he laid down his life. His shocking murder awakened the moral sense of thousands, and the anti-slavery cause gathered increased strength. In less than thirty years slavery was abolished in the United States, while Alton has waited thirty years longer to honor his memory.

THE EXPERIMENT SUCCESSFUL.

Free rural mail delivery has come to stay. The system may not be made general for some years because of the expense, but experiments made show that it is practicable, and that the farmers want it.

The report of Assistant Postmaster General Heath says the experiment has been made in 29 states, the idea being to give the plan a test under all sorts of circumstances. The department is well pleased with the results, and the report shows that the farmers are also delighted with the proposed plan of mail delivery.

Of course the appropriation simply covered the test, but now it may be expected that the system will be built up—gradually, of course—for the expense would be too great to cover the whole country at once. But rural mail delivery has come to stay.

SPAIN'S THREAT.

If Spain should, as rumored, assert the right to search United States vessels in Cuban waters, it would be an admission on her part that a state of war exists in Cuba. If there were no war, there could be no excuse in international law for searching our vessels for materials contraband of war, or for men going to join the Cuban ranks.

The assertion of the right of search would be met at once by recognition on our part of the Cubans as belligerents. We would no longer attempt to stop filibustering. Spain would find that she had herself given the opportunity for the Cubans to take a long step forward on the road to ultimate independence.

ANNEXING HAWAII.

The Hawaiian question is one on which partisan lines are not drawn in the United States. A treaty has been agreed to by the governments of this country and of the republic of Hawaii, for the annexation of the latter to the United States. The treaty has been adopted by the Hawaiian legislature, and the final step is its ratification by the United States Senate.

A poll of the Senate is said to show 63 Senators in favor of ratification. If this statement be correct, annexation will speedily be an accomplished fact. There is, however, doubt as to the accuracy of the figures, for the poll includes in these 63 some Senators who have not yet decided the matter—Daniel, of Virginia and Turpie, of Indiana, for example.

Notwithstanding the fact that a majority of the Senate is claimed to be favorable to annexation, the treaty will meet with strong opposition. Senator White, of California, is leading the opposition, and has just published an article in which he gives his reasons therefor. He regards the islands as worthless for naval defense, and says that in case of war they would require protection instead of giving it. He thinks annexation will render the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine impracticable, saying on this point: "If the United States has the right to recognize a revolt by first assisting the revolutionists and finally taking and seizing territory, it is not easy to discover any rational ground upon which a similar privilege can be denied to others. If we are to follow the example of European governments in Africa and India, we shall be compelled to reverse the respectable policy which we have followed for years."

But it remains to be seen how influential this argument is with the Senate. The feeling that our interests in the Pacific will be conserved by the possession of Hawaii is very strong, and the well-known fact that England covets the islands to utilize as a half-way station between Canada and her Australian or East Indian possessions will have much influence in the final decision of the question.

PLATT'S PILGRIMAGE.

Mr. Platt, the "easy boss," has made a trip to Washington, and secured wide circulation through the newspapers of the fact that he called on the President. Every day a large number of gentlemen interested in politics, especially in the distribution of offices, who call upon the Chief Executive, but no trumpets are blown over their visits. It is more than probable, therefore, that Mr. Platt is anxious, after his recent defeat in the New York municipal election, to make it appear that he is on good terms with President McKinley.

But any number of trips to the capital will not alter the fact that there is a revolt among the Republicans of Greater New York against the boss system. Platt's candidate, General Tracy, is an excellent man, a strong man, and would have been an unexceptionable candidate for the mayoralty had it not been that Platt was behind him, and that a vote for Tracy was a vote to continue Platt in power. The "easy boss" is desperately determined to maintain his hold, and his visit to the President was doubtless part of a plan to make it appear that his influence in the distribution of offices in the national service is not impaired by his defeat. Drowning men grasp at straws, you know.

BOSTON'S MUNICIPAL FIGHT.

Boston had a hot fight at the election over the question whether the city's present council, which consists of two chambers, should remain as it is, or be replaced by a single chamber. The issue was hotly and exhaustively debated on both sides, and every argument that could be adduced was brought into play, and certainly no voter who could read was in ignorance of the merits of the controversy.

On the one hand, it was contended that a double chamber was in harmony with the political institutions of the state and nation, where an upper and lower house prevailed. History was appealed to show that Georgia, Pennsylvania and Vermont had in their early days tried the single chamber, but had been obliged to give it up, preferring an arrangement that would afford a check upon error and radicalism.

On the other hand, it was insisted that the double chamber gave rise to intrigue and deadlocks; that the single chamber had been generally adopted throughout the country, giving satisfaction; and, that it would diminish the number of persons to be voted for and lead to various economies.

The total vote was over 55,000, and the double chamber plan won by a majority of over 5,000. The majority evidently would rather endure the ills they have than fly to others that they know not of.

JERRY ON SLIPPERY GROUND.

The congressional district in Kansas which has been brought to public notice through its representative in Congress, Hon. Jerry Simpson, gave a Republican plurality this year, and the political is surcharged with all kinds of trouble for the Seer of Medicine Lodge. The indications are that next year Jerry will be retired and the best thing he can do is to discard his rainbow stockings, cease riding his wheel in silk attire and come down to the level of his constituents. Jerry has cut a picturesque figure, but it looks very much as if his official days are numbered.

The Georgia legislature is a great body. It has passed a bill abolishing foot ball. The Senate has passed a bill making the birthday of Jeff Davis a holiday, but defeated a bill restricting the sale of liquor. Great aggregation of statesmen!

Philadelphia has leased her gas works to a private corporation, after trying for several years to operate them at a profit. Advocates of municipal ownership will now please rise and explain.

Two years ago Coxey received 52,675 votes for governor, while this year his vote was but 5,681. Mr. Coxey should organize a new party.

These Ohio furnace men who are advancing wages of employes do not seem to consider that they are injuring Mr. Bryan's business.

Mr. Mudd may succeed Gorman as Senator from Maryland. At any rate Gorman spells his own name with one d.

Tammany will try to nominate the next Democratic candidate for President, and it will not be William J. Bryan either.

Col. Henry Watterson has decided to refrain from rocking the Democratic boat.

Gorman is like David B. Hill; he has nothing to say.

IMMIGRATION RESTRICTIONS.

The sentiment is rapidly increasing that there should be legislative action in the coming session of Congress to restrict immigration. The fact has at last been recognized by the labor organizations of the country that the price of labor is, in its last analysis, governed by supply and demand, as is the price of other commodities. While tariff legislation and other factors render it possible for the level of wages in America to be higher than in overcrowded Europe, the rate must decline inevitably if the supply of labor is constantly increased by immigration.

The American labor field should be for the benefit of workingmen who are American citizens, instead of for aliens, and this view will be urged upon Congress by Hon. T. L. Powderly, the commissioner of immigration, in his annual report. Secretary Pearce, of the United Mine Workers, is already, on behalf of his organization, demanding the suspension of immigration. There seems to be a steadily increasing crystalization of sentiment in the direction of putting up the bars, so that every man in this country who wants to work and can work shall be able to obtain it.

As every one knows, there has been a radical change in the character of our foreign immigration for the past few years. Instead of foreigners coming here permanently, assuming the obligations of American citizenship, and accepting American ideas and standards, a large percentage of immigrants now come simply to make money, and then go back to enjoy it. We are rapidly reaching the point, if we have not already reached it, at which there is not enough labor to give steady employment to all who desire it. It would seem to be the part of wisdom to shut the gates on alien labor until all Americans are supplied with work. Congress will have no more vitally important question before it during the coming session, and it is to be hoped a solution will be reached which will be just to Americans before it is favorable to aliens.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

Representative Stone, of Pennsylvania, the chairman of the committee on weights, measures and coinage, is busy preparing a bill for the adoption of the metric system of weights and measures, which will be pushed in Congress during the coming Congress.

The bill should become a law. It is absurd to cling to our antiquated and cumbrous system of weights and measures, when a vast saving in time, trouble and errors could be made, and commercial advantages follow by the adoption of the system used by the whole civilized world, except Great Britain and Russia.

The bill being prepared by Mr. Stone is not a radical but a tentative step towards ultimate substitution of a simple for a complex and absurd system of weights and measures. It provides that after January 1, 1901, the metric system of weights and measures shall be the only legal system of weights and measures recognized in the United States. This does not imply that any other system may not be used by any citizen who prefers to use it. It purposes simply to establish certain legal standards to which reference can be made in case of dispute or for any proper purpose, and it proposes that these standards shall be the same that are recognized as authoritative by every nation of the civilized world with but two or three exceptions.

There is no good reason why Congress shall not venture thus far on the road to reform. Systematic inquiries made by our consuls and reported by the State department all substantially concur in the statement that the trouble and inconvenience in making the change in other countries was by no means serious; that no one of the nations has the least desire to return to the former system; and that the effect on the commerce of the nations adopting the system, so far as any opinion is expressed, has been plainly beneficial.

Of course, the adoption of this measure would be a long step toward the ultimate abolition of the old system; and this is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Not alone should it be done because of the vast total saving of time and labor in all business calculations, but it will save at least one year's time in the school life of every pupil, and that, too, at a period when time is very valuable to the pupil. The saving of a year in practical arithmetic would be a godsend to the children.

The Ohio State Journal has been investigating the results of the experiments recently tried in Western Reserve townships, of consolidating into one school district the entire township, and reports that they are an unqualified success. The first of these experiments was tried in Kingsville, and the people are delighted with the new arrangement. All the school districts united, and the result is one magnificent building in the center of the township. The plan is bound to become popular both with teachers, scholars and the taxpayers who want the best education for their children that their money will buy. The Blade published a descriptive article on the Kingsville school last spring, and is receiving inquiries from points all over the West concerning it, showing that the plan is looked upon with favor in rural communities.

Senator Platt has broken into print and accuses Seth Low of wrecking the Republican party in New York, and turning over the city to Tammany. Boss Platt will please remember that Low was nominated before Tracy and that he had a greater vote than Tracy. More modesty would better become Mr. Platt.

A Chicago girl attempted suicide because she did not like her new hat. If such were sufficient cause for self-destruction, the majority of the male population would at once commit the act after viewing the fall styles.

The increase in the postal receipts of the country for this September over those of September of last year simply augments the evidence piling up on all hands to show a condition of increased business.

Mr. Bryan is one man who does not believe there is too much politics in this country.

The cosmopolite character of the population of New York city is illustrated by the election of an Italian to the office of coroner on the Tammany ticket. Next thing a Chinaman will be running for alderman down there.

McLean has gone back to Washington, but not to the Senate.

Platt should mount the perch by the side of Dave Hill.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

The business situation at the end of the week is healthy. There is no marked feature of the situation beyond the simple fact that the demand for winter merchandise has been exactly what might have been expected. Frost and snow have appreciably quickened the business pulse of local communities, and the bank clearings of the week, compared with those of the same week of the previous year, show a marked increase in the volume of business.

In all lines of trade and manufacture there are only good reports to make. Factories are working full time and are finding a ready market for their varied products. The demand for iron and steel manufactures is good, particularly in the way of railroad products. In the manufacture of locomotives the builders have a greater demand to-day than at any time during the last five years. The foreign demand for grain and provisions shows no decrease, and the trade balance of the United States continues to grow more favorable.

Money is still easy, though rates are not as low as the supply would justify. Reserves have grown so far beyond the demand that the banks of this country are maintaining big balances in European markets for the interest rates.

In European centers of trade and finance the result of the November elections was looked upon with distrust and alarm. This was particularly true of the speculative element, which saw disaster in the result and a possible return of the free silver craze of 1896. Stocks were sold as a result, and coming on an already weak market, had the effect of forcing values to the lowest level of the last half year. In all the foreign markets the senseless scare has disappeared, and investors are taking securities which they did not want ten days ago. The foreign buying of stocks and bonds is heavy, and the buyers are paying higher prices than they received when they parted with their holdings. Notwithstanding this demand, prices continue low, and the bear element manages to make itself felt.

Speculation in wheat did not languish last week for want of interesting material to make it active. Its price was sustained by reported damage by frosts to the Argentine crop, but was, on the other hand, prevented from advancing by the heavy receipts at primary western markets in this country. The effect of this season's abiding reason for high prices—the heavy demand from Europe for American wheat—was likewise minimized, as it has been for some time, by the handsome advance that had in consequence of it been already secured.

There are good reasons for believing that this country will not be able much longer to ship from 5,500,000 bushels to 6,000,000 bushels a week to Europe without endangering the sufficiency of the reserves required for home use. The receipts at Minneapolis and Duluth have for some time formed about two-thirds of the total arriving at the principal markets of the west. A serious falling off in the deliveries from farmers at interior points from which those cities draw their supplies has already taken place. That will necessarily result in a week or two in much smaller receipts at the two great centers of accumulation in the Northwest. Should those diminish one-half, as it is claimed the deliveries from farmers have done already, the recent weekly additions to the commercial stocks, or the visible supply, as these are termed, will be superseded by weekly deficits coming two or three weeks earlier than decreases in the visible usually occur.

With such a probability of the near future the bears in the wheat market, should it be realized, are likely to learn that $1 a bushel is not the impassable barrier they have hitherto believed.

Taking the output of iron as the best index of the general state of trade we have, the signs are good. The October output of the furnaces rose 6 per cent over the output of the previous month, and this increase has stimulated the opening of several large institutions. The woolen mills have all the orders they can fill for the next three months. The railroads have all the freight they can handle, and the immediate prospect is the necessity of a large increase in the quantity of freight cars. There is decline in cotton and cotton prints, and also in wire nails, but the causes are not connected with the general business situation.

The conference of the seal experts of the United States, Great Britain and Canada is now in progress at Washington, a full representation being present. One of the features of the conference thus far has been the presentation of the statistics of the seal catch for the present year. From the figures given it appears that the total catch of seals in the North Pacific this season was 38,700, as compared with 73,000 last year. Of the total 30,800 were taken by British vessels, 4,100 by American vessels and 2,800 by Japanese vessels. The catch in Bering sea was 16,650 for the season, as against 29,500 last season, a reduction, it will be seen, not far from one-half. The bulk of this catch, 15,600, was taken by British and Canadian vessels, the latter, of course, constituting the larger part of the sealing fleet. The decrease in the catch is regarded as significant in view of the fact that the season was a better one than last year's and that the same regulations were in force.

Much force is regarded as being lent by these statistics to the American contention, which is that the seal herd is being rapidly destroyed. The disproportion between the catches respectively of British and American vessels in Bering sea is also considered to be a noteworthy feature. So far the proceedings of the conference have been secret, the understanding being that nothing regarding the results of the experts' work will be given out until their deliberations shall have reached a close, and not even then unless the publication shall be deemed expedient. It is, however, difficult to prevent information as to the happenings at such a conference from leaking out, and it is learned that there is a difference of opinion among the experts as to the ultimate effect of a continuance of pelagic sealing under the regulations prescribed by the Paris tribunal of arbitration. It has been suggested that inasmuch as an agreement on the part of Great Britain to suspend pelagic sealing would result in the practical destruction of the Canadian sealing industry, it may not be willing to make such an agreement without receiving some concessions. It may be that the presence of the Canadian premier at Washington and the exchange of views which has taken place between him and Secretary Sherman and Mr. Kasson, the special reciprocity commissioner, may result in the establishment of freer trade relations between the United States and the Dominion, a result which it is said the Canadian minister is endeavoring to bring about.

One of the most useful results of the work of the Bureau of American Republics has just been reached in the issue of the first volume of its commercial directory, a copy of which was placed in the hands of President McKinley last week. The presentation was made by Secretary of State Sherman, ex-officio president of the bureau, who remarked upon the value of the publication as a means of disseminating information respecting the natural resources, the peculiar commercial activities, the varying occupations and the latent capabilities of the countries of the western hemisphere. With the volume was transmitted a letter from the director of the bureau, Mr. Smith, who called attention to the work which might be accomplished by the administration in extending trade relations with the republics of Central and South America by means of reciprocal agreements with them, by the appointment of special trade commissioners to visit them and present the advantages this country, above all others, offers to them, and by the study by merchants and manufacturers of the data contained in the commercial directory as to their industries and commerce, their transportation facilities, tariff and customs regulations, trade usages, patents and copyrights, commercial licenses, laws relating to foreigners and their naturalization, passport regulations, currency and banking, and weights and measures. Let us hope that the work will realize the most sanguine expectations of the projectors.

John R. Sovereign was on the 12th relieved of his position as general master workman of the Knights of Labor. Henry A. Hicks, of New York, succeeds him as head of the order. I. D. Chamberlain, of California, was made general worthy foreman. John W. Hays was re-elected secretary and treasurer. Other changes were made in the staff officers. The retiring general master workman presented a characteristic address, criticising the courts, scoring the money power and reviewing the incidents of the past year.

If out of the visit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Washington grows a treaty that shall protect the seals of the Pacific from the Canadian poachers during their breeding season, and of the cod and other fish of the Atlantic from American fishermen out of their season, the entire world will have reason to rejoice over such reciprocity. In what ways our tariff regulations may be modified in exchange for compensating modifications of Canadian customs may be a matter for cautious and shrewd negotiations. But of the universal benefits of an amicable agreement that shall preserve the seals of the Alaska coast and the best food fish of the Canadian and Newfoundland shores from almost certain extermination there can be no question.

We have seen how the Canadian hunters have decimated the seal herds of the Pacific and we know how the failure of our own authorities to protect the fisheries along the New England coast have denuded those prolific waters of their richest product. Therefore we ought to seize the opportunity for a reciprocity of protection that would end all the bickerings over the Behring Sea and the Nova Scotia coast in the interest of the world's perpetual supply of seal skin sacks and codfish balls.

Efforts looking to the pacification of Cuba will apparently not be lacking on the part of the Sagasta administration. A cablegram announces that a royal decree granting autonomy to the island will be formally gazetted on the 23d inst. Meanwhile Captain-General Blanco has issued a circular announcing that he has decided to furnish all the protection necessary to bring about a resumption of general planting, harvesting and reconstruction throughout the country, especially as regards the sugar crop. All the authorities of the island are to lend unconditional support to the proprietors of farms in the efforts of the latter to gather their crops and tend their cattle. In particular, they are instructed to encourage to the utmost those who are engaged in the grinding of sugar cane, and to offer them assurances of the necessary military protection to protect themselves and their property. The regions where agriculture is most extended are to be specially provided for by the authorities of all ranks, who are instructed to assist even those who are behind in their taxes and to do their utmost to increase the commercial facilities of their planters.

Spain could give no more convincing proof that she wishes to remain on friendly terms with the United States than in ordering the release of the prisoners captured with the filibuster schooner Competitor in April, 1896. The schooner was seized in the act of landing ammunition for the Cuban insurgents, and the Spanish military authorities had a perfect right to deal with them by court-martial without the intervention of any neutral power. They were tried and condemned to be shot, but our government interceded and they were given a new trial. Their second trial was ordered for November 8, but was delayed, and now the prisoners are to be released in pursuance of the new policy of conciliation inaugurated by Sagasta and being proclaimed by General Blanco.

The Scientific American of latest issue contains a painstaking review of the comparative naval strength of the United States and Spain. It comes to the conclusion that the Spaniards would be capable of maintaining a fierce and destructive naval war for some time. As few American papers except the American have arrived at this opinion, it is worth while to indicate in just what particulars the Spanish navy is really superior to ours. The most important warships under the flag of Castile are vessels of a type entirely different from those of the new American navy. There are six of them, each of 7,000 tons displacement and twenty knots speed, with a twelve-inch armor belt and two eleven-inch guns. A craft of this design and armament would be able to pose as a battleship in combats with our best cruisers, and could choose the fighting position if it met the strongest of our armored vessels. The six swift armorclads would have little to fear from our cruisers in any circumstances, and they could work havoc with our Atlantic lines of steamships. It would be well for those who wish to see an early war with Spain to think how agreeable it would prove to try our navy against the possibilities suggested by that fact.

Affairs in Brazil are plainly in a bad way. The fanatical uprising in the state of Bahia has been succeeded by disorder at the capital, where an attempt was made the other day to assassinate the president, and the minister of war was killed. These latter disturbances have come at a significant time, for last Monday was the anniversary of the overthrow of the monarchy and also the date of the presidential election. Just what the connection is between the recent tragedy in which President Moraes and Gen. Bittencourt figured and the choice of another chief magistrate is not entirely clear, but the suggestion is obvious that the shooting was inspired by enemies either of the republic or of the party to which Dr. Moraes belongs. It has indeed been intimated that the restorationists were at the bottom of the affair. In any event, Rio de Janeiro is in an unquiet state and martial law has been proclaimed. There is, it may be added, a current bit of Brazilian news that will be welcomed by friends of the present republican regime, and that, of course, includes the great mass of Americans. Twenty-four locomotives have been ordered by the government from a Philadelphia company, and are to be delivered before the first of January. The greater the development of Brazil along material lines, the less the prospect of serious political troubles in the future.

A HUMPBACKED TURTLE.

A turtle weighing 100 pounds, with a peculiar hump on his back, was caught at Hoffman's lake, near Bourbon, Ind. The feet are formed like a duck's foot, with a web.

SEE THAT HUMP!

The tail is extra short, but the neck when stretched out easily reaches back over the hump, which is eleven inches high. The head is quite like an alligator's head, and the shell around the edges is so soft that it easily adjusts itself to the contour of the legs.

The End of Her Earth.

"Before we were married," she protested, "you declared you would go to the end of the earth to make me happy."

"Yes," he replied coldly.

She shuddered.

Had he already run through her real estate?—Detroit Journal.

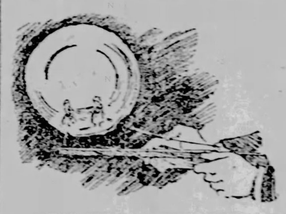
Not an Unnatural Suspicion.

"Do you place any confidence in this new company which proposes to insure families against twins?"

"Well, I don't know—there might be double dealing."—Detroit Journal.

DANCING IN A BUBBLE.

This is a soap bubble ballroom, with orchestra complete, if you please. It is made by stretching a violin or harp string lengthwise along a rule. Put a metallic bridge underneath, and there is your orchestra. Now for the dancers. They are cut out of an old cork and painted as gorgeously as possible with oil colors. The dancers are mounted on a little block of wood by means of a needle or piece of wire. After the figures are placed in position, as shown in the illustration, a small round tin cover, such as comes on a pepper box, is fastened at one end of the rule with a screw over the string. The bridge of the cover is painted with a soapy solution. The dancers are covered with the same solution. With a straw this solution is inflated into a soap bubble that covers the dancers. Then the string is touched, giving music and setting the rule in motion. This motion is communicated to the figures and the ball is on.



THE BALL AT ITS HEIGHT.

TWO CLEVER CHILDREN.

Rosario and Rafail are two child acrobats who stand high in their profession, in spite of their youth. There are few men who can perform the feats of young Rafail, who, through constant training, possesses wonderful powers of equilibrium.

Since the childhood of himself and his sister they have been brought up as acrobats, among acrobats, and it is their life. The very atmosphere of their home is acrobatic—a caller found Rafail in the middle of a room

BALANCING FEAT.

nonchantly moving about as his sister balanced herself upside down on his head. In one corner was a puppy learning the back somersault and in another was the children's trainer and father, Al Marx, who has been a champion strong man of note. Some of the children's feats required "seven years' training. One of them, where Rafail extends one arm upright, balances herself on his hand with one hand, has been tried by other parties twice, and on these occasions one man broke his arm and the other his shoulder.

INDIAN POLITICIAN.

Chief Isparhecher of the Creek nation is a very remarkable man. He is a thorough Indian politician. He can never speak English when any of the fullbloods are around. When they are absent, however, he is able to converse fluently in the language of the white man.

CHIEF ISPARHECHER.
(Of the Creek Nation.)

He is very suspicious of the Dawes commission. Like other politicians, he wants to do the thing that will meet the approval of his party, and just what side to take is the question.

TORPEDO EXPERIMENT.

Great Britain is paying more attention just now to the development of the torpedo branch of her navy than to any other department, and experiments are made daily at the various stations. The particular purpose aimed at is to insure the accuracy of the torpedo in its flight through the water and a new device is tried almost every day.

One of the latest methods employed is shown in the illustration, the boat being a steam pinnace or launch. On the side, held by outriggers, is an 8-inch "baby" ready for firing. The men standing forward have a rope in their hands which will release the tongs holding the torpedo and simultaneously start its engines going. Dropping into the water, the torpedo runs in the direction in which the boat is pointing.

TORPEDO EXPERIMENT.

ALL THAT SHE HAD LEFT.

"If it wasn't for one thing," said the footpad, "I'd blow your head off."

"What's the thing that holds you back?" the victim asked.

"This street car ticket that you've got to get home with. It proves that you told the truth when you said you had no money. I'm a married man myself."—Cleveland Leader.

"I'M A MARRIED MAN MYSELF."

WHICH LINES HAVE YOU?

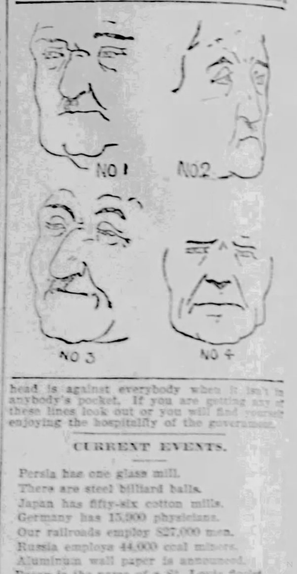
Everybody who possesses character of any sort is laying a system of railway lines on his face, which, as old age approaches, will tell his life story and the kind of man he is more clearly than he could tell it himself.

Look at the "crow lines" in above No. 1. A constant hypocritical raising of the head has made those forehead lines, the sagging mouth and cheek, semicircles, and also little upward curves in the eye-corners.

Face No. 2 has not made up its mind to do things. Everything is wrong, say the drooping lines at either side of the mouth and the chin itself is a study in wobbling irresolution.

No. 3 is a man who persistently makes the best of things. Life with him is a perpetual circus, and the lines in his face have gradually formed themselves into a network of jollity and good humor.

No. 4 is the Bill Sykes type of face, and his head is against everybody when it isn't anybody's pocket. If you are getting any of these lines look out or you will find yourself enjoying the hospitality of the government.



CURRENT EVENTS.

Persia has one glass mill.

There are steel billiard balls.

Japan has fifty-six cotton mills.

Germany has 15,000 physicians.

Our railroads employ 827,000 men.

Russia employs 44,000 coal miners.

Aluminum wall paper is announced.

Posey is the name of a St. Louis florist.

Martin Irons has joined Debs's Social Democracy.

Sioux City (Iowa) unionists are boycotting a theatre.

Denver pays eighty-five cents per 1,000 cubic feet for gas.

In Mexico City Hop Lee advertises an American restaurant.

Bishop Taylor says that to be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

Iowa pack peddlers have organized to fight the law which fixes their license at $25.

Secretary of State Sherman and Mrs. Sherman will celebrate their golden wedding next year.

In the number of murders Italy leads Europe. In the number of suicides Russia is ahead.

Russia's population has increased during the last 100 years a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

There has been this year for the first time both a British pilgrimage to Lourdes. It numbered 60 persons.

Most all of the buttons used in the United States are manufactured in Western Massachusetts towns.

Tuberculosis is in England and Wales the cause of one per cent of all male and 12% of all female deaths.

The Australian Statistical society estimates that the population of Australia, including Tasmania and New Zealand, was last June 4,962,756.

The largest number of trucks in any German railway passenger station is at Frankfurt—21, Munich coming next with 16.

The largest known flower is said to be the Rafflesia Sumatra, whose diameter is nine feet, and which smells like a pound of putrid beef.

Auburn, Me., is congratulating itself upon a yearly profit of $15,000 out of the most modest in New England, if not in the whole country.

Sweet almonds and chestnuts have been raised with success in parts of Oregon, where it had been thought no palatable nuts would grow.

St. Louis has one church to 2,800 of population, New York one to 2,468, Chicago one to 2,082, Boston one to 1,900, and Minneapolis one to 1,054.

Russia is said to own 20,000,000 horses, or nearly one-half of the whole number in existence. Most of them belong to the peasants of that vast empire.

A visitor to the World's fair in 1825, who was kicked by a horse and who used the expression "Gosh!" has died at 80, but not before that he had no cause.

A life-size portrait of ex-Governor John T. Rich, of Michigan, has just been presented to that state. The picture is the work of Frank Ives, a well-known Detroit artist.

Deacon Jonathan Hayes, who waited the first train over the Fitchburg railroad in Boston, Springs, Vt., at the age of 90, and is in perfect health and can read without glasses.

Dr. J. C. Spencer, bacteriologist of the board of health at San Francisco, reports that he has discovered the germs of leprosy in a Chinese-made cigar which he examined.

An English juror once asked the judge after the verdict was returned, whether the fact that he differed from his eleven brothers justified their knocking him down with a stool.

About 100 years ago starch was used only for stiffening the frills around the necks of the ungodly. Religious people called it the "devil's liquor," and regarded its use as highly reprehensible.

The German Emperor has decorated Dr. Mendel Hirsch, son of the late Rabbi S. H. Hirsch, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and director of the Hebrew reformable there, with the Order of the Red Eagle, third class.

Many of the barbers of Ohio are agitating the passage at the next session of the Legislature compelling barbers to serve an apprenticeship of two years. The bill is designed to close up cheap barber shops.

Mrs. McKinley has a corn hat, which recently figured in the bogus account of Atlanta's big fire. It was made by Miss E. Cusack, of Atchison. The corn, owing to a special treatment, looks exactly like ivory.

General Butler's efforts are still among his estate for failing to properly value the Confederate money he received in 1864. A

Publishers' Column.

WATCHES BY MAIL.

The Blade offers its readers this season a new list of watches at less than ordinary retail prices, sent postpaid by mail on receipt at prices marked below. The list embraces two or three cheap but good watches, and three or four better grade of time keepers.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

A stem winder and stem-setter, having all the modern appliances known to watchmakers' art. The case is solid nickel. It is made on the celebrated thin model plan. Remember, this is not a small clock, commonly called a watch by unscrupulous advertisers, but a highly jeweled nickel movement, made by one of the most celebrated watch manufacturers in America. It is guaranteed by the manufacturer, and if not found exactly as represented, this guarantee is assumed by us. A watch like this a generation ago would have cost $20, if it could have been produced, but the fact is it contains appliances unknown at that time. Each watch has been thoroughly adjusted, and will be sent in perfect running order.

Price $2.00
Same in gold filled hunting case, guaranteed 5 years 6.00

THE SETH THOMAS WATCH.

A genuine American watch, jeweled, and guaranteed an accurate time piece. Nickel, open face, stem wind and stem set, made on the celebrated thin model plan. Price, $4.00.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.

Men's open face gold filled watch, either engraved or engine turned, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 15 years. This watch is open face only, stem winder, pendant set. Price by registered mail, $11.50.

WALTHAM HUNTING CASE.

This watch is the celebrated thin model watch—we mean by thin model that it does not bulge the pocket out of shape or give people the impression that you are carrying a clock movement. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, so thick that they will last fifteen years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great relief to people at a distance from reliable watchmakers. The ring joints, thumb piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements. The movement is made by the celebrated Waltham Watch Co., and is perfect in construction and durability. This watch comes in hunting case only. Price, $15.00.

SOLID GOLD, LADIES' SIZE.

This watch is a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted 14k. U. S. assay. We use no foreign movements in this watch, but all are either Waltham or Elgin "American" movements according to the wish of the purchaser. The works are jeweled and have compensating balance and safety pinion. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship.

Each watch is a stem winder and setter, and has a tempered hair spring. Price, $20.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Our latest picture is Sheridan at the Battle of Five Forks, size 10x15 inches, and executed in colors. Price 15 cents. This picture cannot be purchased at an art store for less than 75 cents.

Address with remittance in current funds,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS

Splendid Offer to Lady Reader of The Blade.

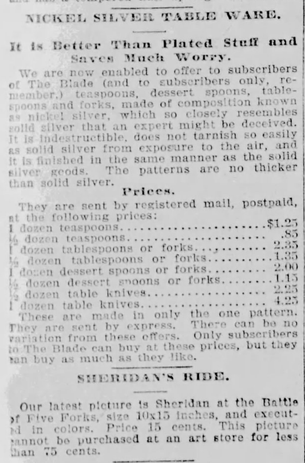
READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

NOS. 1206 AND 1217—GALACIA BLOUSE.

1206—Sizes for 34 and 36 bust measure. 1217—Sizes for 14 and 16 years. The blouse is the particular fad of the hour, and for street wear is trimmed and decorated out of all resemblance to the genuine sailor waist. The real blouse, however, is not superseded; it is merely set apart to be worn in the gymnasium, on the wheel, for walking, golfing, tennis and



school. Our model is the very newest style of loose blouse for girls of 14 and 16, and also in small sizes for women, and is quite popular, as it admits of perfect comfort and freedom. It can be cut with or fining and frilled on a band at the waist line or finished with an elastic band. A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

NO. 1020—PILAR SHOULDER COLLAR.

The shoulder collar is found so useful that every woman considers it one of the most convenient articles in her wardrobe. For warm winter days it affords all the warmth required with an ordinary street gown, and if the gown be a particularly handsome one it does not cover up or crush the trimmings. Every description of fur is used for these becoming collars, and they are also made of velvet and cloth and trimmed with fur. This model is a good foundation for the elaborate shoulder capes of chiffon or lace made over rich brocaded silk or satin. Some of these capes omit the collar and are finished at the neck with very full ruches. A special illus-

tration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

NOS. 625 AND 636—MOTHER HUBBARD NIGHTGOWN.

625—Sizes medium and large. 636—Sizes 8, 10 and 12 years. A convenient, perfect fitting pattern, which can be adapted to the simplest or most elaborate trimming. English longcloth cambrics and nainsooks are the most useful for summer wear, and the trimming, lace or embroidery, is usually put on full. The fashion of the day enables one to make

quite an elaborate garment with really very little work, as a beautiful yoke can be cut of all-over embroidery, lace or tucking, and insertion, or plain tucking, and a ruffle round the neck and down the front and on the sleeves. For cold weather they are made of Canton, French and outing flannels. A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

DO NOT FAIL to give the NUMBER of pattern, and MEASUREMENTS. It will save trouble and delay.

NO. 1221—GENESTA FROCK.

Sizes for 10 and 12 years. A simple design in dark red poplin trimmed with black velvet ribbon. The full blouse is trimmed at the yoke, and the frills which droop over the

shoulder puff of the coat sleeve are prettily trimmed with the ribbon. The full round skirt is finished with a deep hem headed with three rows of the velvet ribbon, and a sash of the ribbon girdles the waist finished with ends and loops. A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the evelope in which it is enclosed.

NO. 1208—STEDMAN WAIST.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. The bodice waist, which is really a guimpe and a high pointed bodice, is an excellent design for combining two or more materials. The design is most attractive where

a combination of materials is used. The bodice, skirt and epaulettes should be of one

MIXED PAINTS 45c. We ready Mixed Paints, all colors, Guaranteed highest grade made at 45 cents and up per gallon. For our handsome color card, full particulars and our ready-pay-after-receiving terms CUT THIS AD OUT and send to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) CHICAGO, ILL.

material, and sleeves and guimpe another, hence this pattern is especially useful in renovating last winter's gowns. Take, for instance, a last winter's navy blue serge; cut the skirt down narrower; have the new material a rich green and blue plaid silk, and trim the waist and skirt with braid or bands of astrachan. A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

No. 1205—Jubilee Skirt.

Sizes—Medium and large. Although skirts are much narrower than for several years past, the new circular skirt fitting close over the hips and widening with a broad, graceful flare at the bottom is quite popular. Our model, the Jubilee, is a five gored design, measuring about four yards and a quarter at the foot. An effective trimming for this skirt is from eight to a dozen rows of soutache braid or narrow satin pipings set on from four to six inches apart, according to the number of rows. The favorite finish for the bottom is a binding of velveteen or braid, and a facing of haircloth or crinoline. A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

NO. 1209—PHYLLIS BLOUSE.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 inches, bust measure. The fashionable double-breasted effect in the blouses is sometimes achieved by cutting the right front piece with a broad rever, which fastens on the left front with large buttons or rosettes. A stylish waist of this description is shown in the model illustrated, which is

really a fitted blouse. Although made separate from the lining the full number of back and side pieces are cut, which makes the blouse fit perfectly across the shoulders and under the arms, and yet droop as fashion dictates, over the belt. The waist and sleeves are trimmed with bands of flat crimming, and a stylish small bow is worn at the neck. A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

THE KLONDIKE.

I.

Wrapped in a robe of everlasting snow,
Where icy blasts eternal revel hold,
Where gaunt pines shiver in the piercing cold,
Where mellow summer ncontides never glow,
And sleety crags no springtime ever know—
Thus, like a miser, in his freezing fold,
The Arctic King has gathered heaps of gold
To lead deluded wanderers unto woe.
So in his radiant diamond palace there,
Amid white splendors of his throneless thrones,
Were keen auroras glitter, blaze, and glare,
And like a Wandering Jew the wild wind moans;
He smiles at wretches in the last despair,
Who dig for gold among their Comrades bones.

II.

About my home I see the springtime bloom,
The flowers of summer or the autumn fruit;
To make me glad, the robin lends its lute,
The lilies blossom, lilacs breathe perfume,
The red leaves flutter, golden asters loom
Around me; tones of loved one, never mute,
Are sweeter than the viol or the flute
Through June-time gladness or December gloom.
The daffodils their golden treasures pour
By larfuls to my children as they play;
The vines, with clustered rubies at my door,
Gladden my good wife through the livelong day;
So in this humble nest, my wealth is more
Than all the gold and silver dug from clay.
—Walter Malone in Harper's Weekly.

Free to Our Readers—The New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.

As stated in our last issue the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, is proving a wonderful curative in all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the Kidneys and urinary organs. The New York World publishes the remarkable case of Rev. A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel at North Constantia, New York, cured by Alkavis, when, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing himself for certain death. Similar testimony to this wonderful new remedy comes from others, including many ladies suffering from disorders peculiar to womanhood. The Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 418 Fourth avenue, New York, who so far are its only importers, are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of WEEKLY BLADE who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

ABOUT THE BABY.

An article in Babyhood a month or so ago says: "Not even the wisest mother knows the bugbear of her child's life."

It is a strange thing that the mind of a little baby should be so haunted. What are the fears that cause it to cry out in troubled dreams and stretch wide, entreating arms to be taken to its mother's bosom, where it nestles tremblingly. What does it know of the "terrors that fly by night" when it has been but a few months in the world and has met only caressing words and tenderest touches? A heritage of sorrow, possibly, against which must be opposed the hosts of mirth.

Let the baby live in an atmosphere of light and merriment. Not the noisy variety of it. Do not hurt the ears or shake the nerves with shrill sounds. But with that serene and sunny quality that accepts all things with calm philosophy. And then when he is old enough to understand guard him from the ignorant people who would tell him "secure stories" and dreadful sights as you would guard him from the scarlet fever, but the awful germ of fear would never leave him.

When I was a very little girl I was so unfortunate as to see a man crushed by a freight train. He was an insane pauper who had escaped from the asylum to meet his death in that way. The memory of the bleeding limbs has entirely faded from my mind, but that face holds for me most vivid horror to this day; while the great, panting, red-eyed monster of iron and steel is not the mere servant of transportation, but a thing sentient with evil and menace. To this day I am afraid of the cars.

TO BE HEALTHY AND STRONG
Use "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.

Gave Himself Away.

"Did you find that John Smith and get the money from him?" asked a Harlem merchant of his clerk.

"No; there are a wuole lot of John Smiths on that block, and every one of them denied owing you a cent. The last one even kicked me out into the street."

"You go right back to that one. He was the right one."—New York World.

His Humming Hushed.

With melancholy days in sight,
We smile, despite the chill.
To think on the mosquito's plight
With a frost-bitten bill.
—Washington Star.

"Them Artises!"

Lady Artist—Do you belong to that ship over there?

Sailor—Yes, miss.

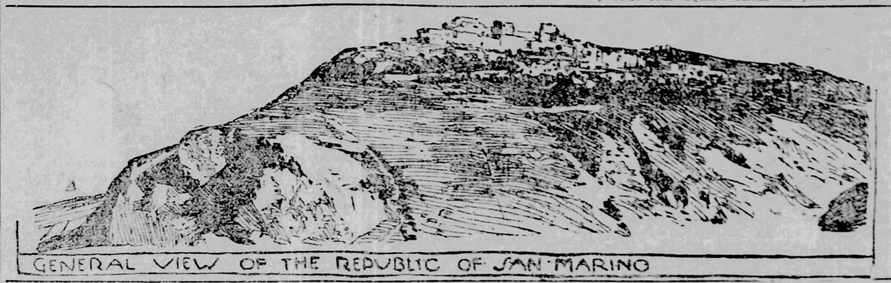
Lady Artist—Then would you mind loosening all those ropes? They are much too tight, and, besides, I can't draw straight lines!—Punch.

SAN MARINO RESISTS.

How the Famous Little Republic Refused to Accede to the Demand of Italy.

San Marino may be territorially minute, but in the assertion of its dignity it will give way to none of its big neighbors. At present in European politics no incident is more interesting than the decisive diplomatic victory which the little republic has won over Italy. San Marino insisted on having its own way, and its will prevailed in the end, says the New York Herald.

Italy wanted to insert in a new treaty clauses providing for the extradition of socialists, anarchists and others whose crimes are by many classed as political. San Marino raised no objection until it



GENERAL VIEW OF THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO

became clear that the treaty was designed to cover the republic as well as the kingdom. Then San Marino objected, and very strongly. The republic, it claimed, had been free for nine hundred years to all persons who behaved themselves, and no change should be made now. Italy, on its part, pointed out that San Marino, being surrounded by Italian territory, would certainly become a haven of refuge for all kinds of miscreants, who would thus be safely enabled to weave their nefarious plots. San Marino's reply was that it knew how to punish such law breakers. Italy used other arguments, but all were in vain, and finally the discussion was dropped and the resolute little republic scored a victory.

Notable in its way is San Marino. It is the smallest independent republic in Europe, its area being only 34 squdre miles. It lies between the provinces of Forli and Pesaro-Urbino, and it consists of part of the eastern spurs of the Apennines. The two streams Marecchia and Ausa, which pass through Rimini to the

TYPES

sea, rise partly in the north and west of San Marino, while its southeastern valleys are drained by the sources of the Marano. The population is only about eight thousand, and most of the people are engaged in farming and stock raising. The city of San Marino, which has a population of 1,800 or 1,900, has five churches, an audience chamber, a law court, a theatre, a museum and a library.

A PEASANT

It is a picturesque little place, with steep and narrow streets and small houses of undressed stone. One of its most notable features is a white statue of Liberty, which was presented by the Duchess of Acquaviva, and which stands in the principal square.

The governing body of the republic is a great council of sixty members—twenty nobles and twenty rural land owners—who are named for life by the council itself. Twelve members of this body form the council of twelve, which is the final court of appeal. The state is represented by two captains regent, elected every six months, and it also has a home secretary, a minister of foreign affairs, a chancellor of the exchequer and a regular army of 950 men. It receives a certain proportion of the Italian customs revenue, and since 1872, when it agreed not to grow any tobacco, it has been allowed to purchase foreign tobacco duty free. Strange to say, there is no printing press in the republic, the reason apparently being because the authorities have no desire to be involved in any dispute regarding copyright.

If San Marino decides to harbor persons obnoxious to the Italian government, there is little doubt that trouble will be the result.

Hitherto the republic has confined itself strictly to its own affairs, and this is clearly the reason why it has enjoyed so much peace and prosperity. The great rulers of Europe, however, seem now determined to crush the spirit of anarchy and revolt, and if San Marino attempts to stand in Italy's way, the consequences may be disastrous for the republic.

Hood's Pills
Are much in little; always ready, efficient; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, biliousness, constipation, etc. Price 25 cents. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

POSTAL INJUSTICE.

"How much does it cost to send a letter from here to San Francisco?" the Chicago Tribune says a tall, angular woman, with a masculine voice and a somewhat hairy chin, asked as she stepped up to one of the stamp windows at the postoffice.

"Two cents, ma'am."

"And how much to send a letter to Bethany, Me.?"

"Two cents."

"I won't pay it."

"Very well, ma'am."

"I didn't suppose you'd throw off anything on account of the shorter distance, but I thought I'd ask you, anyhow. When you carry a letter to San Francisco for 2c you ought to carry four to Bethany for 1c. It's a shame. I don't have to send my letter through this postoffice, and I won't. There's a neighbor of mine going to Bethany next week, and she'll take it for me and be glad to do it. I don't care for the 2c, mind you, but I'm not going to be swindled. I've been reading up on these things, and I'm——"

"That's all right, ma'am, but I'm very much occupied, and——"

"You ain't occupied any harder than I am, and you can tell the government so, young man. You don't get any 2c out of me for taking a letter to Mizzoury. Understand?"

With a look of lofty scorn she turned away from the stamp window and went out of the office.

At a late hour last night the government of the United States was still in existence, but in the person of one of its trusted representatives it had received a severe shock.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" give instant relief.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence far outweighs a pound of wit.
Boasters, sometimes liars called, have bragged till angels laughed.
Denying faults will double them, without a gain of self.
Envy shoots at others, but she only wounds herself.
Foolish fear a danger dreads when there's none in sight.
God, in our poor, feeble hands, puts his temple's light.
He has hard work who has naught in his hands to do.
It costs more to right one wrong than to suffer two.
Knavery is a poor trade for a youth to learn.
Learning journeys with a man where e'er he may turn.
Modesty will guard a soul better than a sword.
Ne'er forget to listen well to your heart's first word.
One swift hour caught to-day is worth two, to-morrow.
Proud looks, sometimes, are a mask worn to cover sorrow.
Quiet conscience is the saint that gives quiet sleep.
Richest he who from poor fields crops of good can reap.
Small faults left long enough grow up to giant faults.
The bough that bears the weight of fruit lowest bends and grows.
Upright walking is most sure on the way of life.
Virtue is to Happiness very closest kin.
Wise men make their chances; for they are seldom found.
You will never hurt the world spreading kindness 'round.
Zeal that is misdirected will crumble to the ground.

Henri Rochefort refuses to make peace with Zola, though the great novelist has expressed a desire for a reconciliation.

"I WON'T PAY IT."

Pimples On the Face.

"I was troubled with pimples all over my face and did not like to go among people. I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify my blood and I did so. In a short time the pimples disappeared, and now my face is smooth and entirely free from eruptions." Bertha L. Thornton, Maynard, Ohio.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

FUNNYGRAPHS.

Teacher (to small boy in first class in geography)—Now, Charlie, tell me where Boston is.

Small Boy (who has not prepared his lesson)—In first place, Ma'am.

Yabsley—See here, Mudge, why haven't you paid that $10 as you promised?

Mudge—I heard you were going to leave town.—Indianapolis Journal.

A—My wife says she saw the lights all burning in your house as she came home from the ball at 3 o'clock in the morning. She thought it a little strange.

B—A little strange? It was a little stranger.—Ex.

Jenks—Doctor, I have a frequent and intense desire to kiss young and beautiful girls. Do you think I ought to get married?

His Doctor—No; under those circumstances you'd better not get married.—Yellow Book.

Reward of Merit—"Well, I see Herbert Spencer has been rewarded at last."

"What's happened? Has he made a fortune out of his books?"

"No; a brand of cigars has been named after him."—Cleveland Leader.

Tortoise and the Hare.—"You remember the story of the tortoise and the hare and who won the race?"

"Of course, but I see nothing strange in the finish. The soup always does precede the entrees, doesn't it?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"EINST, O WUNDER!"

Here in the sun the thrushes sing;
Here in the sun the tulips shine;
White clouds wander and red trees swing—
Where is the shadow of Winter's wing.
And where this sorrow of yours and mine?

The long, long years and the twilight way
Close in a mist of the sun's own gold;
Youth is lord of the world to-day
Only the early dews are gray;
Only the last year's leaves are old.

With youth's wild heart and with youth's wet eyes
We wait once more what the hour may bring.
Young once more with the woods and skies,
Rich with the sun's gold—rich and wise—
O Wind that blows from Paradise!
O strange soft-whispering Wind of Spring!
—Rosamund Marriott Watson, in Harper's Magazine for October.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence far outweighs a pound of wit.
Boasters, sometimes liars called, have bragged till angels laughed.
Denying faults will double them, without a gain of self.
Envy shoots at others, but she only wounds herself.
Foolish fear a danger dreads when there's none in sight.
God, in our poor, feeble hands, puts his temple's light.
He has hard work who has naught in his hands to do.
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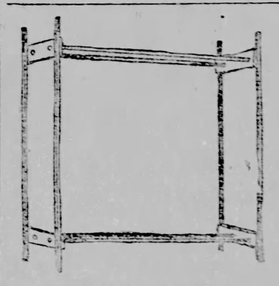
Virtue is to Happiness very closest kin.
Wise men make their chances; for they are seldom found.
You will never hurt the world spreading kindness 'round.
Zeal that is misdirected will crumble to the ground.

BOY'S BOX KITE.

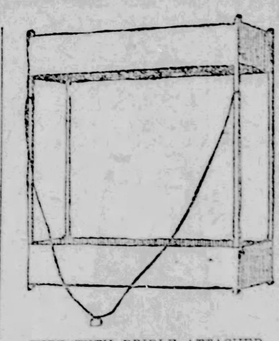
Any boy with a knife can make one of the new style box kites, and it is great sport flying them, for they reach the height of nearly two miles.



FRAME OF KITE.

Cut four square sticks of pine wood, 30 inches long and ⅝ inch square. These are the four upright pieces shown in figure 1. Cut four slats, ¼ inch thick, 2 inches wide, 8 inches long. Make a quarter-inch hole in each end of each piece, three-quarters of an inch from the end. With small brads nail them to the upright sticks, four inches from the ends of these sticks, as shown in figure 1.

Then cut four sticks, 24 inches long and ⅝



KITE WITH BRIDLE ATTACHED.

inch thick. These are the cross-pieces, and the ends should be whittled down and stuck in the holes of the slats. The frame is now complete.

Get some muslin red can be seen the farthest, and put a strip of it eight inches wide, around each end of the frame, as shown in figure 2. It must be drawn very tight and sewed. If loose, the kite will not fly well.

Use heavy twine, as the kite pulls hard. The bridle must be seven feet long and must be attached to the long sticks, close to the muslin at one end of the kite. At exactly the center of the bridle attach the ball of twine.

To fly the kite, let out 50 or 75 feet of string and let a companion hold the kite at that distance from you till the wind carries it up. Don't run with it. If it dives, the bridle is not adjusted right.

The frame can be taken apart by slipping the muslin off.

To make a larger kite, use the following dimensions, in inches: Long sticks, 48 by ⅞; slats, 10 by 2 by ¼; short sticks, 36 by ⅞; attach slats five inches from ends of long sticks; muslin 10 inches wide; bridle, 11 feet, 3 inches long.

NEW FRENCH COIFFURE.

Stand Corrected.

A rich but ignorant lady, who was rather ambitious in her conversational style, in speaking of a friend, said, "He is a paragram of politeness."

"Excuse me," said a wag sitting next to her, "but do you not mean a parallelogram?"

"Of course I do," immediately replied the lady. "How could I have made such a mistake."

Conflicting Legal Styles.

A good anecdote is told of the two celebrated barristers, Balfour and Erskine. Balfour's style was gorgeously verbose. Erskine's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. Coming into court one day Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Erskine.

Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in his usual roundabout manner:

"I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight excavation of the blood."

"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."—San Francisco Wave.

A Misleading Term.

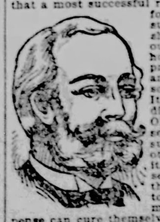
"What engaging manners Miss Hobbs has."

"I don't think so. She has refused me three times."—Chicago Record.

MEN CURED FREE

A Wonderful Opportunity.

Thousands of men will welcome the news that a most successful remedy has been found



for sexual weakness such as impotency, shrunken organs, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharge, and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the kind, no matter how long standing. Mr. H. C. Olds, who cured himself after many years' suffering, wants to let other men know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the various ingredients to be used, so that all men at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends this receipt free, and all the reader need do is to send his name and address, stating that he is not writing out of curiosity but wishes to give the remedy a trial, to Mr. H. C. Olds, Box 1768, Kalamazoo, Mich., requesting the free receipt as reported in the papers. It is a generous offer, and all men ought to be glad to have such an opportunity as this.

Blade Porcelain China

A NEW THING.

Tea Sets and Dinner Sets

Still Another Reduction in Prices, and New Ware With Later Designs.

Briefly described, Porcelain, or Semi-Vitreous China, is a very high grade ware, being superior in color and finish to Iron Stone China, and VERY MUCH LIGHTER IN WEIGHT, nearly equal to china.

Our design is the VIOLET PATTERN, being very handsome and entirely new, and a marvel of beauty in shape and color. Eighty, Fifty-Six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight pieces handsomely decorated in four colors and gold bands. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods, the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration is reproduced from a photograph of our new offerings.

No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We have sold thousands of sets of these goods, and in every case the recipient received more than expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices of Five Thousand Sets. This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher, and 1 bowl.

The No. 1 Blade Standard Tea Set, 80 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, $4.75 (former price $7) or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of seven subscribers and $7. The club of seven names to be sent all at one time.

No. 2.—BLADE TEA SET, 56 PIECES.—This set is exactly like the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set, including 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter plates.

The No. 2 Tea Set, 56 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $3.60 (former price $5.50); or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of six subscribers and $6. The club of six names to be sent all at one time.

No. 3.—BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES.—We can describe this set by taking the above illustrated 8-piece Tea Set and adding the following: 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug, making a total of 108 pieces.

The No. 3 Blade Dinner Set, 108 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $7.85; or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of 15 subscribers and $15.00. The club of 15 names to be sent all at one time.

No. 4.—BLADE CHINA SORTS, 98 PIECES, consisting of 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug. We also offer this to those who may first purchase a No. 1 Standard Tea Set, and afterwards desire to have a complete dinner set.

The No. 4 Blade China Sorts, 98 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $4.25; or we will present one of these assortments to any person sending us a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names all to be sent at one time.

NOTE.—These sets are decorated with a later pattern than those now formerly sold, and consequently will not match with former purchases. We recommend our readers to buy, first, our No. 1 Blade Standard Set. Afterwards, if pleased with the goods, you may order our No. 4 set, the two combined making you a complete dinner set.

General Directions and Information.

ORDER BY NUMBER.—The goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer and shipped direct from the pottery to the purchaser upon our order. We shall order every package shipped by freight unless otherwise instructed. The receiver pays transportation. From 25 cents to $1, according to distance, will cover freight east of the Missouri River, while it may cost somewhere near $2 to pay freight to points beyond the Rockies. We do not advise shipping by express. Never before was so much value offered for so little money. Twenty years ago only the rich could afford such goods as we offer here. We guarantee these goods the best Porcelain China in the world, superior in color, shape and finish to the best imported wares. We make no profit. We want, and will have, as a result of this offer, thousands of clubs. These articles will be useful in the home of every reader of The Blade, no matter whether rich or poor. Any person who will try it can raise a club of six to fifteen for The Blade in one day. Get about it before some one else canvasses the field. We are prepared to fill orders promptly.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to club The Blade with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid.)

	Their Price.	With Blade.
WEEKLIES.		
Scientific American	$2 50	$2 75
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 00
American Agriculturist	1 00	1 50
American Agriculturist	1 50	1 50
Christian Herald	1 50	2 00
MONTHLIES.		
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 00
Pansy Floral Journal	1 00	1 50
Our Little Ones	1 00	1 50
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 00
Godey's Ladies' Book	1 50	1 75
The Century	4 00	4 00
Scribner's Monthly	3 00	3 00
Cosmopolitan	1 00	1 50

We stipulate that we must receive AT THE SAME time one subscriber to The Blade for each copy of any other paper to be sent. The goods offered both to be sent to the same person or even to the same postoffice. THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE LIGHTS PUZZLED PAT.

He Mistakes a Steamer for a Drug Store at Sea.

The captain of one of the big schooners that bring ice from the Kennebec to Washington tells a story of an Irishman, he shipped, says the Washington Post. Pat wanted to go from Washington to Norfolk and had no money. His story excited the sympathy of the shipmaster, who finally agreed to let him work his passage.

Pat was willing, but densely ignorant of all things maritime, and no real seaduty fell to him until the vessel was sailing down Chesapeake Bay with a fair wind and plenty of sea room. The captain then told Pat to take a turn at lookout forward and instructed him to promptly report anything he might see. It was a clear night, and soon after the lookout took his position he sang out:

"Ah, Captain."

"Well, Pat."

"There's something out here forninst the boat."

"What is it," said the captain, to test Pat's seafaring knowledge, the lights of an approaching steamer being visible.

"I rally couldn't say for shure, sur," says Pat, "but I suspect it's a drug store. There's a red and grane light."

QUEER HOTEL IN WALES.

One of the queerest hotels in the world is at Snowdon summit, in North Wales. A new railway has recently been operated from Llanberis to Snowdon and many tourists have taken advantage of it to get an unusual view of the rugged country.

During every part of the journey magnificent cloud and landscape scenery is unveiled to the traveler which together with

an endless array of waterfalls and mountains, forms a feast to the eye, which the stranger never forgets.

The hotel located at the very peak of the mountain is a most primitive and upon the opening of the railway it has proven altogether inadequate for meeting the requirements of the large influx of guests.

THE COZY CORNER

THE HARVEST MOON.

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetness
That hides in the full-tasselled corn,
Over vineyards slow reaching completeness,
Dim purpling at dusk and at morn,
Shine down in thine affluent splendor,
O moon of the year in her prime;
Beam soft, mother-hearted, and tender;
Earth hath not a holier time.

For the seed that slept long in the furrow
Hath wakened to life and to death;
From the grave that was cerement and burrow
Hath risen to passionate breath.
It hath laughed in the sunlight and starlight,
Hath thrilled to the breeze and the dew
And fallen, to stir in some far night,
And all the old gladness renew.

O moon of the harvest's rich glory,
Thy banners outflame in the sky.
And under thee men write the story
That cries to the heavens for reply--
The story of work and endeavor,
Of burden and weakness and strength,
The story that goes on forever,
Through centuries dragging its length.

And thou, ever stately and golden,
Thou moon of the latest year's prime,
What sight though thine eye hath beholden,
No grief to thy pathway may climb,
As over the fields that are reaped,
At evening and level and shorn,
Thou pourest thy splendors that deepen
The rose and the silver of morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Mrs. E. B. McComb, in a bright, chatty letter to the editor tells how she made a guest chamber out of a store room. Her ingenuity in providing drapery for the windows; rugs from old pieces of carpet, burlap and the men's cast off clothing; cushions, and the many little ornamental articles that serve to make the room pleasant and comfortable, was very interesting to read of, and showed how a woman will overcome difficulties when once she resolves to do so. Here is a portion of her letter which relates to an inquiry that was made some weeks ago in this paper:

"My greatest trouble was with the floor. I could not think of buying a carpet, and though I could readily obtain the paint and the boys were anxious to apply it, I had my doubts as to the advisability of painting the floor, as it was made of boards of unequal length, and width, and the cracks between them were very large, and it did not seem to me that it would look well enough to pay for the trouble of painting it.

"One evening during my season of worrying about how I should manage this, I found on the floor a 'spit-ball' of paper that some of the children had thrown into the room sometime during the day. As I picked it up, I noticed how very hard it was, and it set me to thinking and by morning my ideas had formulated into a plan which I tried at once.

"I tore up a pile of old newspapers, that had been lying around for months, or to be exact, I let the children tear them for me. This proceeding accomplished three things—the old papers were disposed of; the children kept busy and amused, and the foundation for my proposed work laid. When the papers were all torn I put them in the wash boiler with plenty of water and biled them till the fibre of the paper was destroyed. While this was being done, I made a paste of 1 quart of flour, three quarts of water and one pound of powdered alum; into this paste I stirred the paper pulp until the whole was of the consistency of putty.

"While I was at work at this part of our preparations, my son had nailed down all of the loose boards of the floor, and then scrubbed it for me.

"We then filled the cracks with my paper filling, using it just as hot as we could handle it, smoothing it even with the edges of the boards with a broad-bladed putty knife.

"The next morning the filling was as solid as the boards themselves, and two coats of a dark olive green paint gave me as smooth and pretty a floor as one could wish to have.

"My rugs and draperies were in harmonizing shades of red, except for the windows, where the curtains were of white cheese cloth."

Mrs. J. G. B., sends a response to the inquiry for the recipe for Devil's Food Cake, and says that she has just returned to her western home, after a visit, with her two boys, to their eastern grandmother. I am sure we all can imagine the good time those two boys had, and the no less pleasant visit enjoyed by the mother and grandmother.

"Jane Allison, housekeeper, would enjoy hearing the opinions of the various other housekeepers who read the Cozy Corner on the advisability and economy of laying in a quantity of provisions in the fall. She writes:

"When I was a girl at home, my parents always provided enough of all staple groceries, in the fall, to last till spring. A barrel of pork, a number of smoked hams, apples, potatoes, butter and vegetables, were always put into the cellar in October; a barrel of sugar, a chest of tea, and a large sack of green coffee had their place in mother's store room along with the preserves, jellies and dried fruit.

"When I was married, I supposed that I must follow this example, and was surprised and just a little bit ashamed of the new neighbors in the town where my husband's work was, when I found that they bought their supplies from day to day, and sometimes, from meal to meal, and it seemed to me positively disgraceful for a woman to buy only a pound of butter or meat, at a time.

"I soon learned that in most of the houses there were no cellars, or storerooms where a quantity of provisions could be kept, and that the daily calls of the order clerks from the shops, made it unnecessary for the housekeeper to have a supply on hand, even in case of 'unexpected company.'

"As to the economy there is in buying by the quantity, I find it is not very great and I think that is offset by the extra amount used by housekeepers and servants when there is a large supply ready at hand. Sugar is apt to become colonized by insects, if kept in a storeroom in large quantities; there is a saving in laying in a stock of soap, even if it costs as much as by the bar, as it is economy to use the perfectly dried soap. In tea there is a considerable saving per pound if you buy it by the 25-pound box, besides the comfort of always having a uniform quality. If you buy your canned fruits you obtain quite a discount by purchasing it by the case, and in families where a large quantity of these goods can be used, it is a great convenience to have the supply on hand.

"Where raisins, nuts, fruit etc., are kept in quantities the store room key should be kept in possession of the housekeeper or there is a great temptation placed in the way of servants and children.

"Spices bought in bulk are considerably cheaper than by the ¼ pound boxes, but unless they are kept in airtight cans, or packages, they lose their strength in a very short time. A quantity of flour is not a good investment for a small family, as it will become musty, if the store room happens to be the least damp; corn meal and most of the cereals will also lose their freshness of kept for any length of time.

So, in spite of my 'bringing up,' and the comfort of feeling that you have plenty of everything provided for the winter, I have my doubts of the economy, or expediency of such arrangements, for small families. What do others think?"

The next letter on my desk this morning is on a very different subject from the above, but it is one that is of interest to all of us, at some time in our lives. It is signed Perplexed, and the name evidently well expresses the feeling of the writer.

"Dear editor and Cozy Corner friends, will you tell me what are the correct things to say, when making a visit of condolence? It is a question that is causing me a great deal of anxiety just now, for there are several of my dear friends who have quite recently met with bereavements, and I know that I ought to call upon them and express my sympathy, but I am afraid to see them, lest I make a mistake in what I shall say. Ought I to confine the conversation to the subject of the death and burial of the one who has gone, or should I avoid all mention of that, lest it renew the grief of the mourners? For myself, though I have never yet been called upon to suffer in that way, it seems as if I could not bear to have any one, no matter how intimate a friend it might be, talk to me of my lost ones; their memory would be sacred—too sacred to be the subject of conversation, it seems to me. I suppose others feel differently, and it is a kind of a relief to them to talk of their lost friends.

I wish some one would write to the Cozy Corner soon, and suggest some way of knowing how one had best proceed when making these calls."

I. F. C., writes an interesting account of some of the difficulties to be overcome in order to procure the specimens of wild animals for the instruction of those who must study natural objects from the limited advantages provided by museums:

Many of you, perhaps, have seen in private or public museums, the mounted heads of the short, black-horned, long-wooled mountain goat; but did it ever occur to you, while examining these preserved specimens of the "monarchs" of the Rocky Mountains, that the men who kill them are in constant peril and endure great hardships when hunting them? Among the highest ranges and rockiest peaks, plateaus and canyons of the mountains, are their habitations. Where no other herbivorous, cloven-hoofed animal (not even excepting the soft-eyed, big-horned mountain sheep) dare attempt to climb, they feed and revel.

Snow, ice and slanting rocks have no terrors for them, and they will spring from cliff to cliff and from ledge to ledge, seemingly with the swiftness of a bird. They have more lives than a cat, and cling to existence with wonderful tenacity. I have known them to be shot direct through the body four and five times with a rifle before they would fall.

When mortally wounded, if there appears no chance for escape, and the sportsman is above them, they will frequently crawl over the ledge of a precipice and fall hundreds of feet.

I am domiciled for a short time in my "mountain rendezvous," and I will, if you like, give you a brief description of an experience I had in killing one a few days since. Supplied with my rifle, rope, knife and tomahawk, I leave my chalet early in the morning and after a two hours' climb up a rugged canyon, down through which a small stream of crystal water whirls and splashes, I arrive in the very heart of the goat country.

After some time of careful watching, I discover two goats feeding among the cliffs about a half mile away. After ascertaining the best way to reach them without them seeing me, I begin the perilous ascent.

Climbing and pulling myself up by willows and grusenwood, I finally arrive in the vicinity of my game. Now comes the most particular part, and moving along carefully for a few minutes I see them lying near the edge of a cliff about seventy rods below me. If I should kill them there they would roll over the precipice, and I roll a stone down past them to make them come out in a more favorable place, but instead they discover me and go bounding from rock to rock along the cliff.

A "running" shot is my only chance, and as they are crossing the head of a coolie I catch a bead in front of the largest one and fire. The bullet strikes him at the base of the right ear, killing him instantly. He rolls a short distance down the coolie and lodges against a down balsam tree.

A "crack" shot, certainly, but I have the head and horns perfect, a highly prized trophy for mounting.

I suppose that in the interest of science these things are allowable, but does it not seem a little hard for the goat that he is not, even in such almost inaccessible places, allowed to enjoy "life, health and the pursuit of happiness?"

Dealer wishes to know how to clean bronze articles. First dust the article very carefully, then rub with olive oil and let it stand for one hour. Rup off with a clean cloth and polish with chamois. Another way is to plunge the article to be cleaned into a boiler of boiling suds, then into clear boiling water, set it in the air to dry and polish with chamois and whiting. Never on any account use vinegar or any acid as these will destroy the bronze.

Missie, it is not considered a mark of good taste for one to use a great deal of perfumery about their persons. It is too suggestive of these being something disagreeable to conceal. The most agreeable manner of acquiring a pleasant perfume for the clothing is to have mats of wadding covered with muslin and well sprinkled with orris root, or some favorite sachet powder, scattered through the bureau drawers where the clothing is kept. Small sachets pinned to the lining of dress waists when not worn will impart a lasting and delicate perfume to the dress.

Muslin bags filled with the following preparation and laid among the folds of garments, will give a most delightful and mysterious odor to them, viz.: 6 oz. orris root, pounded fine with 1 oz. each of cloves, nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, caraway seeds and tonquin beans.

Life's Gateways is in the hands of its author, the editor of the Household, and she will send it postpaid for $1.

THE BLADE COOK.

On "How to Cook a Steak,"
I've written many a page,
But still my cook will take
And cook it for an age.

And so this little screed
I've chalked above the range,
That she who cooks may read,
And make a speedy change:

On, How to Cook a Steak—
It's quite a simple trick.
Just grab your steak, and take
And cook it Thick and Quick."

When you build your new house, please consider the comfort of the cook, in regard to your kitchen arrangements. If possible to avoid it, do not place this room in such a position that there is no pleasant outlook from either window; the cook will soon tire of looking at a blank wall of your neighbor's house, or an uninterrupted view of the back yard of your home, will some times lose its charms. Do not have the range in the kitchen, set away from all light and air; it is trying to the eyes and the temper of the cook to be obliged to work in the dark. Do not place the sink directly in front of a window, unless you make some arrangements so that the window and shades may be easily raised and lowered; it is very hard for a woman to reach across a wide sink and then lift very much weight.

If you can do so, be sure that the kitchen table need not be too far away from the range and the pantry; no one can compute the many useless miles a cook has to walk when these conveniences are placed at great distance from each other. Be sure in furnishing this room to provide one easy or a rocking chair for the cook, and allow two or three other chairs in the room for her company. Do not interfere too much with her, and she will accomplish her work in less time; tell her in the morning what there is to be done during the day, and let her arrange her work to suit herself.

Occasionally think of your cook as another woman, and treat her accordingly, and my word for it, she will appreciate it.

As many of The Blade readers, especially those who live in the country, have the opportunity of obtaining green tomatoes at a very little cost at this season of the year, a recipe for using them will be acceptable. We give one by Mary Ettie, for a very old-fashioned pickle that our grand-mothers called

Higdom.

Chop and let stand over night in strong salt water, 1 peck of green tomatoes, in the morning drain, and cook in clear water till tender; chop 3 green peppers, 2 red peppers and 5 onions; add 1 quart of vinegar, 2½ lbs. sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice. Heat the vinegar, etc., and pour over the tomatoes when they are tender. This is an excellent pickle and will keep well.

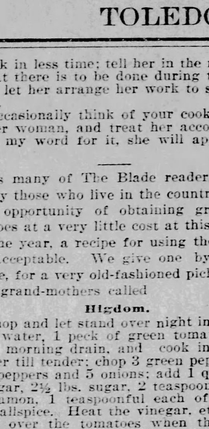
Ella G. Butler asks for a recipe for using small pieces of cold meat. Here is one that requires but very little meat, and makes an excellent breakfast dish, as it is easily and quickly prepared:

Cup Omelet.

Butter 6 cups and fill two-thirds full of alternate layers of bread crumbs and chopped meat (cold, fried or boiled ham is very nice for this). Beat 3 eggs, add 1½ cupfuls of milk, a seasoning of salt and pepper, and pour over the contents of each cup, adding more milk if necessary. Place the cups in a pan of hot water and set in the oven till the custard is firm in the center. Serve with a white or tomato sauce.

BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

The editor of this department has been very much gratified and amused, by the letters she has received from the children who have cultivated the acquaintance of little. Miss Clothespin, who was introduced to them through this column a short time ago. In answer to many requests for "some more things" for the



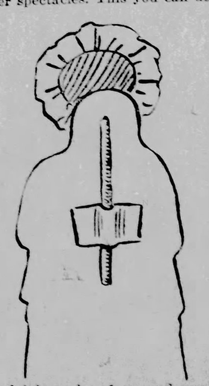
very young folks, she gives this week the evolution of Bridget O'Shaughnessy. She is no relation to "Terence," who visits the Wonder Column occasionally, unless it may be she is "wan uv his cousins." At any rate, she is a comfortable and happy old lady, who will persist in using her apron for a pen-wiper.

Fig. 1 shows the foundation of the work. The figure is cut from card board, the arms and dress being made with colored pencils "to suit your taste," as my friend, the cook, says in her recipes. A

skirt of green, with a jacket of yellow, and nice red shoes would give her a brilliant cheerful appearance. An apron, with pockets to hold a sponge for wiping her (or anybody's) pens on, is tied around her waist. No 2 shows her head, which is made from one of the daisys with which your last summer's hat was trimmed. You must cut off all of the white petals, excepting two, which form the strings. No. 3 gives you a back view of

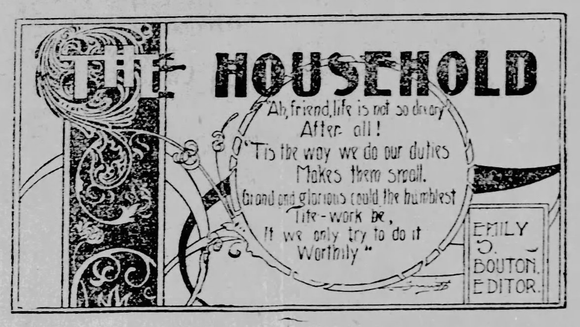
the lady and shows you the use of the hole that was made in Fig. 1; it is to put the stem of the daisy through and hold her head in place. Her pipe is made by putting a bit of a burned match on the point of a pin, and then pushing the pin through the face.

All that remains for you to do now is to make her "features," and you may make them grave, or gay, as you please, and her spectacles. This you can do with



pen and ink on her face, and you have Bridget in all her beauty, looking just like Figure 4.

"It is this getting tangled up in little affairs, this making a needless ado over trifles, that prevents us from seeing how many really beautiful things there are in the world about us."—Life's Gateways.



A WAY AND A WAY.

WE ONLY BRUISE OURSELVES BY FIGHTING THE INEVITABLE.

Work With Nature Which Is Working in Harmony With Law and There Is No Failure.

"This world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel."

If we could all make up our minds right here and now to stop what in inelegant parlance is termed "kicking against the pricks," life would be infinitely more harmonious and better worth the living. Now I do not mean that we are to give up striving; that we are to sit down and wait for somebody else to do for us what we ought to do for ourselves. Upon the contrary, the only and best thing for each and every one of us is, to work with all the force and strength we can bring to bear to accomplish what seems to come to us out of the unknown as duty. But there is a way and a way. Suppose we have a hill to climb in order to reach the sunlit plateau. The path looks rugged and difficult. Great rocks loom up that must be surmounted. Deep sands which seem ready to engulf the unwary traveler are to be passed over. It would be simply impossible to accomplish the ascent if we sat down and mourned about the great effort that must be made. On the other hand, starting onward with a stout heart, by and by we may hear the singing of the birds, catch the fragrance of blossoming flowers, and see the bright, blue sky smiling down from above. We find a path around the rocks and away from the shifting sands, and at last, while the strength yet remains, the summit is gained, the haven reached.

Now this is only a picture of what happens in every-day life. We take that attitude of mind in which discouragement is uppermost. We let ourselves be so blinded by the difficulties, that we cannot discern the way around them even if it be there in plain sight. And if it be not there, if we must climb over, the whole secret of accomplishment lies in the spirit which we bring to the task. Oftener than otherwise these same difficulties, approached boldly and with courage, melt away leaving the path clear and open.

Not only, however, must there be courage, fearlessness, but there must be patience as well, and this is the hardest lesson to learn of all. This is what is meant in the poet's song.

"The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into vessel,"

and the result is a harmonious whole. He who, after doing all that he can, is then master of himself to the extent of being able to wait patiently for results, however long delayed, is sure to be in the end the victor. There is a wonderful power in this ability to wait, a silent force that shapes character and events alike. If, therefore, in climbing the hill we do not let the mind hasten on in advance beating and bruising itself against the obstacles not yet reached, besides gaining the top, we shall not miss the starry eyed flowers that peep out from the crevices. For they are surely there. They are the pleasant things in life that come to the patient doer of duty.

It is true that "some things must go wrong your whole life long," that is, they seem wrong to us, but that is because we take such a narrow view of the problem of living. It includes so much beyond the day and the morrow, stretching out in its solution even into the eternities. And herein lies a comfort. If so much is involved and all is under the Great Law of Love and Compassion and Justice, what need is there of worry? And that word "worry" brings me back to my first thought again.

Those who have been conscious of the sovereignty of the mind over the body have long urged that one of the greatest enemies of life is this indwelling fear, this anxiety about a possible unhappy future, that weakens, the power of self-control and of accomplishment and prevents the shaping into God's plan. Now comes medical science to give assent to its deleterious effects upon the physical body. Among other things in an article devoted to this subject, a medical journal, the Pharmaceutical Products, says this:

"Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain, and the brain being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death finally ensues.

Thus does worry kill. Insidiously, like many another disease, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single, constant, never-lost idea, and, as the dropping of water over a period of years will wear a groove in a stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly, but no less surely, destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest—that are, so to speak, the commanding officers of mental power, health and motion.

"Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points, which produces little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularity, but the irritation and reiteration of one idea of a disquieting sort the cells of the brain are not proof against. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds, with mechanical precision, with never a sign of let up or the failure of a stroke. Just in this way does the annoying idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing, and week by week diminishing the vitality of these delicate organisms that are so minute that they can only be seen under the microscope."

This tells the story so far as the physical body is concerned, but it does not tell how the character is weakened, how a habit of thought is formed that paralyzes soul effort and hinders its growth.

We can overcome. Yielding patiently to the inevitable, we can yet if we will, march cheerily on to victory.

Sometimes a truth will make its impression in stronger fashion through contrast. A day or two ago a letter came to me which pictured such utter misery as as wrung my heart with pity. Miss Ella V. Butler, who will be remembered in connection with the Health Clubs formed a few weeks ago, and the noble missionary work done here, writes this from Chicago:

"Yesterday we went down into the Assyrian district. What sights! What want, misery and wretchedness!

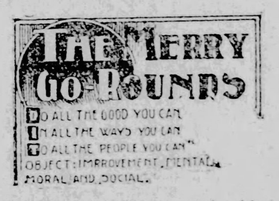
"There we saw whole families crowded into one little 8x10 feet room; no bed, no table, no anything that bespoke even a degree of comfort. The inmates sat on the floor, ate on the floor, and slept on the floor, with not even a quilt underneath. A sick child needing treatment lay on the bare floor, never having had anything better.

"We had to wend our way through dark, winding halls and stairways, with darkness so dense that we could not see each other at all, neither our hands when raised and close before our eyes; and when the dens of want were reached they were dimly lighted with little smoking lamps, and the walls of the rooms were as dark as the ground outside."

Ah, when we know that there are hundreds and thousands of our fellow creatures in such spiritual darkness and physical misery, how small and petty seem the worries which we allow to "eat our hearts away," and hold us from all successful accomplishment!

The true way is to resolve to work in harmony with nature, which means to work in obedience to the Divine law, that is ever one of adjustment. Then we shall not wear ourselves out with useless fighting, but, making of every trial a factor of success through the exercise of the strength necessary to meet and bear it patiently, we shall know no failure.

EMILY S. BOUTON.



As "improvement" is one of the objects of our Merry-Go-Round work, perhaps you will not object if Miss Prudence occasionally calls attention to some of the ways by which you can "improve" your letters, and if she does this no one must think the criticism is intended unkindly, or become discouraged, as it is only intended as a help to you in your efforts to become very interesting correspondents of The Blade.

For instance, when the Chaperone tells you that she received to-day a letter from one who wishes to join our company of good friends, and that of seven paragraphs contained in that letter five of them began with, "Well," the writer of that letter must not think "Well, I will never write to the M. G. R.'s again"—on the contrary, she must try again very soon, and omit all unnecessary words.

The same advice will be equally helpful, if followers, to the girlie who wrote in her letter, "Now," so often, when there was not the least use for the word.

This habit of using such words as these at the beginning of every sentence is very common with young writers, but the M. G. R. girls and boys do not wish to form any habits that are not correct.

Another thing that might be omitted from many letters is the explanation of the length of time that they have read The Blade, and hesitated, from lack of courage to enter our "charmed circle." Never mind how long you have waited, now that your courage has been sufficient for the effort, come right along with some nice story, or bit of your experience, and we will take the "fear and trembling on the threshold" for granted.

These unnecessary words, and the often expressed fear of the "waste basket," occupy so much space that we cannot give as many letters as we otherwise would each week.

Raven again visits us. Who was it that proposed that when he came we should endeavor to "cage" him, so he would not leave us for so long again?

Recently you have asked for our occupations; will say my physique is a farmer though my soul is not. Class me where you may but do not make me farm, as I have enough of it here; yet my heart is so close allied to nature if taken from her fields I should die.

Here I have many companions—many playful, little kittens and beautiful dogs. I have the great Frenchman's (Henri M. Taine) fondness for such pets. And, too,

"The sweet little blooms that guild the wood-land way
Sing to my soul; the livelong summer day,
Even the rigid plantain stalks
Nodding now across the walks
Kiss my feet wherever I walk;
And behind me laugh and talk
And bow their heads above the grass,
As though a king did pass."

These little things have led me along till I have reached the higher plane of the beauty that will last, and always pray that the

Good angels teach me how to live;
Teach me the lessons of ever life;
Teach me the beauties of the world;
Teach me a faith that will not die,
But build its pyramid to the sky
To shun abodes where sin is rife,
To me this simple wisdom give.

In answer to the inquiry by Forest Nesley as to whether I was driven from the column by adverse criticism, I say I was not. I may have felt hurt for the moment by some things that have been said regarding my letters, but as I understand it in this work we should not struggle for popularity but to work upon this broad plane, where our motto is "help one another."

May I help you, brother; the way is long?
Dead your father, and your mother gone.
But I will help you, friend to journey on.
There is my hand, or weak or strong.

A "Black Star," from W. Va., tells us that he was recently at a soldiers' reunion, where there were a great many young people, but that, except his own, there was not a Merry-Go-Round badge worn by them.

Rosie Lee thinks that she has, among the M. G. R. girls many sympathizers in her dislike for washing dishes. Rosie had better think of what an absolutely necessary work that is, and strive to make it pleasanter by accepting it as such, and never more indulge in the thought that it is "unpleasant." That is the true way to make your work your servant.

"Omy," is the name chosen by a young man, who avers that he is "very timid," and that at present he is (during the absence from home of his parents) "very much interested in the art of cooking and housekeeping." Possibly he will outgrow his timidity and come again.

If "Dixie Darling" has read the M. G. R. column carefully for a month or two back, she will see why it will not be possible to publish her letter.

Eye Bright has very sensible ideas in regard to the admittance of Saloon Keeper's Son, and says, very truly, that we each should be judged here, as we will be hereafter, by our own deeds, not by those of some other person.

For energy and determination to keep busy, Miss Prudence thinks that our New England Girl has no superior, and would recommend the "lonely bride" of the Cozy Corner, or any other, who may find time hanging heavily on their hands, to emulate her. Here is a letter with an account of her latest venture:

As I've been absent for so long I'm afraid I shall have to introduce myself again. But before speaking my mind on a few subjects, let me thank all the M. G. R.'s who have expressed so many kind wishes for my future happiness. I hope every one of the girls will get just as good a husband as mine—they can not find a better; and the boys—well, if they do as well as did "Mr. New England," of course, there can be no question about their happiness!

Isabel, "Mr. New England" appreciates your advice and is thinking quite seriously of accepting your invitation.

Saloon Keeper's Son, true men and women value a person for what he is, not for what his father is.

Earnest Western, here's the right hand of fellowship. Did you ever "bug the 'taters?" I have, lots of times. No, I shall not desert the M. G. R.'s if I am an old married woman, for I like them just as well as I ever did.

I do not think criticism has caused any to withdraw from our midst. I surmised that some of their letters were written to provoke criticism. As for me, I enjoy it and it would take lots of it to keep me silent. I think, perhaps, some of the old-est members may not take The Blade now, hence their silence.

Yes, Queen Mab, I read the letter of which you spoke, and that six-months bride has my sympathy. I have never yet seen the time when I couldn't find enough to do. At present I am teaching a school about three miles from here and driving back and forth.

Hoosere Poet Poeta, did I hear you inquire for Lenore? I hardly know how to break the sad news to you, but our Lenore will never meet with us again, for she was called home a month before Vivian. I wrote Miss Prudence as soon as I heard of her death, but think my letter never reached its destination, as I never saw it mentioned in The Blade. I extend my sympathies to both families in their bereavement.

Could pages tell more explicitly the story of a brave, contented, useful life than is expressed in these few lines from "Boadicea"?

Dear Miss Prudence: I help mother with the housework, teach the two younger members of the family and try to carry a few studies myself.

Dimple has been reading a book that can be read with interest and profit by every one, and if there are any of her girls and boys who wish to read a story of a noble life, Miss Prudence recommends to them that of Dr. Mac Laire, written in Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. It is said that this character was taken from life, and like all other characters in the book, its counterpart for earnest, honest, Christian living can be found in many places outside of "Drumtochty":

I have just finished reading again Vivian's last letter, and I want to offer my sympathy to those loved ones who are mourning for him.

Would it not be a blessed thought, dear M. G. R. brothers and sisters, to know we would all meet in an unbroken circle in that happy home where there is no more pain, no pain nor death?

How many of you have read Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush? Tell me, all who have, which is your favorite character? Mine is Dr. Mac Laire.

"Cheerful Idiot," your verses are very, very pretty. Please tell us all about your club of "Jolly Bachelors," "Stray Republicans."

I extend my good right hand to the Saloonkeeper's Son for a cordial shake (yes, "Isabel" it is harder than my heart, for I, too, am a farmer's daughter), by all means give him a place among us. When we stand at the judgment bar God will not ask "What did your father do?" but "What did you do?" I think the brightest crowns in heaven will be worn by those who labored amid the bitterest trials and discouragements here, who sailed, as it were, full against the wind and tide.

Dear Miss Prudence, I have a favor to ask of you. Please won't you give us Vivian's picture in our column sometime in the near future? I am sure we would appreciate it.

Miss Prudence would be very glad to be able to give Vivian's picture in this column; indeed, she wrote to Vivians Cousin, asking for a photograph for the Merry-Go-Rounds, immediately after we received the news of his death, but have had no response.

Daphne Lee approves of John E. Short's suggestion that we organize our Merry-Go-Round circle into a Literary Society.

"Nev" has been so busy this summer that he could not attend the picnic, nor even celebrate the Fourth of July. He is a farmer and an enthusiastic lover of all dumb animals, though he believes in teaching them to always recognize that he is the master; in this I think, lies the secret of his success with them. Of Isabel he has this to say:

I would not vote Isabel a "Jack-of-all-trades; for it looks as if she is a first-class farmer girl, carrying her occupation a little too far, perhaps, but if she likes the work out of doors and wants to make the sacrifice for her brother it is very nice of her to do so. I always admire a girl that has the courage to work out in the sun and drive the teams and do such work.

Susie's words are only too true about the home-maker, for it would not be home to me, if the atmosphere here was as it is in some places called home.

It looks as though there is plenty of teachers represented in this circle. The more the better, for it will keep the standard high. That need not scare the timid ones, for teachers are not always perfect in everything, and do not claim to be, for we all have a chance to do our part. Yours respectfully,

NEV.

Miss Prudence thanks Little My for the beautiful "crepe paper" flowers she sent her. They came through the mail in very good condition.

Architect tells us why he has been absent so long. Next (Miss Prudence expects) the M. G. R.'s will wish him to explain that "ourselves," whether he has followed the example set by New England Girl, or if he is speaking editorially when he says "ourselves."

It has been such a long time since I put in an appearance that I am almost a stranger. And I see many strange names, for I have been so busy I did not find time to read the papers regularly.

I have been helping build for ourselves a small, neat home, and then I have been teaching school three past six weeks, so you can see whether or not I have been idle.

I think we should have that reading circle suggested by all means. My chief pastime is the reading the works of good authors and studying their lives. How grand it is to be able to have the thoughts of the best minds before us! And then have a sketch of the men so we may see from what material those noble minds grew!

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

FIVE LOST GOLF BALLS.

Rutherford slept only by winks and snatches and then he dreamed of golf. He was up betimes the next morning and out on the links, practicing this stroke and that for it was his birthday. He had had a fine set of golf spoons for his birthday present and no one for 24 hours was to say "no" to him.

A little barefoot boy slouched by, his eyes so magnetized to Rutherford's new spoons that he walked sidewise and stumbled over his own toes.

"Ever been a caddie?" asked Rutherford of this unkempt audience.

"Naw, but I know how."

"Do you?"

"Yes, pop used to caddie an' I used to stan' round an' watch a lot so I got learnt pretty good."

"Oh!" said Rutherford making a hit-or-miss stroke with one of his spoons, "what would you say to caddying for me?"

"All right."

"I can't pay you so very much," continued Rutherford with another stroke, "I'm rather low in funds just at present, but I'll do what I can for you."

"All right," again said the boy. "I ain't used to much, but I'll do just as well as though I was," and giving a pointed glance at his ragged clothes, he went to Rutherford's case of spoons and chose for him the one needed for the starting stroke.

Rutherford set the ball and with a good, firm hit sent it scouring along the ground till it disappeared on the other side of Col. Brock's hedge, which ran wedge-wise into the midst of the first link.

This bit of hedge had been purposely included in the links as it demanded a skillful rise of the ball to pass it. Col. Brock, supposed to be crusty if his rights were intruded upon, amiably consented to this use of his hedge. It seemed he had a weakness for golf himself.

The little ragged caddie sprung to locate Rutherford's first ball.

"Wait," cried Rutherford, "I'll send another, then you can get the both of them."

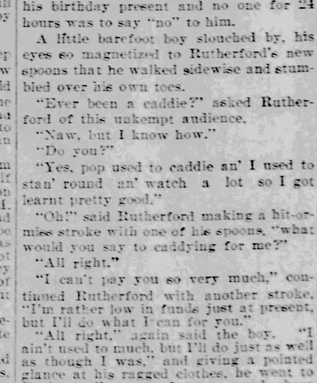
Caddie drew back, and Rutherford, with a sweeping stroke, sent the second ball scudding down the link and over the hedge with a quick, clear bound.

"Now, you may track the gummies," he said to the caddie.

The little caddie ran and sprang over the hedge with as quick and clear a bound as the second golf ball, but search as hard as he could, neither ball could be found. He jumped back to Rutherford's side of the hedge with a very long face.

"Never mind," said Rutherford, "I'll slither another after them to show you where they have gone."

"Slither," mumbled the little caddie. "I must get pop to tell me what that



means," and he bounded after the third ball, only to find it as completely missing as the first two.

"Goodness, I've only two more," cried Rutherford, dolorously. "You keep your eye on these two sharp, caddie," and he sent each of them across the hedge.

"That's fust rate spooning," said the little caddie, "but I can't see no more'n a blind man where they're put to, and springing over the hedge a second time he got down on his hands and knees to search for them.

"You're no good," said Rutherford, forcing his way through the hedge. "See me find them," and he, too, began searching right and left for the balls.

The boys sought ten fifteen minutes for the balls. They they got up from their hands and knees and stared at each other.

"G-whizz, but that's queer!" exclaimed Rutherford.

"It beats me to pieces," said the little caddie. "Mebbe, I'm not so good at caddying as I thought. Pop never lost a ball."

Rutherford looked at his ragged little caddie suspiciously. These balls were perfectly new. It would be easy enough to pick them up and sell them to some other golf club.

The little caddie's face flushed and paled, for he read Rutherford's suspicions as if it had been written out on a bill-board. He put his hands in his pockets—about to turn them inside out, when an elderly gentleman, hurriedly dressed, came toward them, a small Boston terrier following at his heels.

"Good morning, boys," said the gentleman. "You are making rather a noise for so early in the morning. I couldn't sleep, neither could Tansy. What's the matter?"

"I'm sorry if we disturbed you," said Rutherford, a trifle embarrassed, "but you see, that is, it's my birthday, and I wanted to practice my new spoons, so I came out early."

"Yes, I should say so; and who is this?" asked the gentleman looking sharply at the barefoot, ragged little caddie.

"He's ah, caddying for me. We've lost the balls and, Oh, say! Col. Brock, you'll let us hunt them on your grounds won't you; they're all five of them gone, you know?"

"Five gone," said Col Brock, "certainly find them as soon as you can. They are probably right here," and he turned to go, snapping his fingers for Tansy to follow, when that small dog which had been slyly snuffling among some leaves, made a sudden rush toward Col. Brock's stable, the little caddie close at her heels in pursuit.

"What does that rogue mean by chasing Tansy," cried Col. Brock, rushing after the little caddie. "Here, boy, stop that."

The little caddie, however, kept on, while the colonel followed him and Rutherford followed the colonel.

In a moment they had all reached the stable, when Tansy spun through the broad doorway and flung herself on the floor among her family of four puppies. Each of the puppies was playing with a golf ball while Tansy now rolling over and over among them caught a fifth ball in her mouth or brushed it about her paws.

"You see," said the little caddie, "I didn't have the balls; it's her that took them."

"Oh! I know that," said Rutherford, already forgetting his suspicion in his admiration of the dogs. "It's easy to see who has them."

"Tansy, you rascal," said Col. Brock, trying not to laugh at this mixture of puppies and golf balls, "don't you know any better than to fit your family out with stolen golf balls? Come, come, give them back."

"Let her keep them, do," urged Rutherford, "she's so cunning."

"No, no," said Tansy's master. "She knows it's wrong to steal. Here, Tansy, give them back, first yours and then the puppies."

"I thought you was after giving them to her," said the man-about-the-stable, "she brung them in so proud like."

"Tansy, are you going to bring those balls to me?" demanded her master, sharply. "Did you try to deceive James, too?"

Tansy, with her ball still in her mouth rolled slowly on to her four feet, and stood panting with head hung.

"Tansy," the colonel cried, "be good. Give Rutherford his ball."

Tansy hung her head still lower, and turned her back to her master.

"Tansy," he urged, "are you going to disgrace me by becoming a common thief?"

Tansy let the ball fall from her snapping pug jaws, but made not a movement toward restoring it.

"Tansy, I'm ashamed of you. You are too thievish to stay here a day longer. You'll have to be sent to the farm."

At the word "farm," Tansy pricked her ears, then barked a sharp, satisfactory bark, that the puppies recognized as a call to order, for each one dropped its ball like a hot coal.

"Very good, Tansy," said her master, "now bring them to me."

Tansy gingerly picked up the ball nearest her, and carrying it the long way round, laid it on the floor by her master's feet. The boys watching breathlessly.

"Now, Tansy, another, quick."

Very deliberately she gathered up a second and laid it beside the first.

"Very good, Tansy; now the next."

Tansy brought it with great deliberation.

"Try again, Tansy."

She captiously added the fourth to the collection.

"Now, the last one, little dog."

She took up the fifth ball, the one reportioned to herself, and laid it modestly down with the others, then she crouched back to her puppies. The boys snapped their hands while the puppies set up a fretful whimper and snapped at her tassle. She bore it with the air of a martyr.

"Let me see, Tansy," said the colonel, laying his finger against his nose, "there are one, two, three, four, five of you, with your puppies. Suppose I go down town and buy you every one a rubber ball, would you like it?"

Tansy sprung from her family of bewildered growlers, barking and leaping with joy.

"I'll go buy them for you, sir," said the little caddie, "I can run awful quick."

"So can I," volunteered Rutherford, "and if you'll wait till I get my wheel I'll go faster than quick."

"We'll let this little caddie go," said the colonel, while you wait with me, Rutherford," and he put a valuable coin into the caddie's hand. "This happens to be my birthday as well as yours, so little caddie shall have all the change for some new clothes after he gets the five, while you may pick out one of the puppies for your birthday gift."

"Jinks," cried Rutherford in surprise, "but you are kind, and I never knew it before."

"The kindest gentleman I ever knew," cried the little caddie skipping down the hill to the village for the balls as fast as his bare feet would carry him.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was born in Brooklyn 88 years ago, and died at his home in Brooklyn March 8, 1886. In 1827 he became midshipman in the navy, being assigned to the frigate Alert, under the command of Lieut. Farragut. He was present at the surrender of Vera Cruz in the Mexican war, being commander of the brig Vesuvius. He took an active part during the rebellion, being successful in getting the Carondolet

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every edu-

SEC. WILSON'S REPORT.

Good Work by the Department of Agriculture.

Washington, Nov. 16.—In the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture the objects of the department are set forth and then the report has this to say of experiments with sugar beets:

Seven tons of imported sugar beet seeds were distributed last spring in 27 states, among 22,000 farmers, through the experiment stations of those states, to ascertain where the sweetest beets can be produced. Samples are now being analyzed at the experiment stations, and where they are not prepared to do the work the beets are forwarded to the laboratory of the department at Washington. There is abundant encouragement to lead us to conclude that our country will within a few years produce what sugar it requires. The department will collect all the facts regarding the work of this season and publish them for general distribution. The pioneer work will be pushed energetically during the next year.

Opportunities for New Industries.

The United States paid $382,000,000 the last fiscal year for sugar, hides, fruits, wines, animals, rice, flax, hemp, cheese, wheat, barley, beans, eggs, tea, etc., $6,000,000 for chicory, castor beans, lavender, liquorice, opium poppy, sumac, etc., and $2,000,000 for bulbs, nearly all of which could be grown and prepared for use at home. The Department of Agriculture will encourage the growing of these articles by the introduction of seeds and by sending out farmers' bulletins giving information concerning them.

An American farmer can grow horses as cheaply as he can grow cattle; we have a heavy and profitable export trade in cattle, and may have an export trade equally heavy and profitable in horses. The department is gathering facts regarding our horse industry at home and the requirements of purchasers abroad, so that our farmers may learn what foreign buyers demand.

Advance in Seed Distribution.

We are endeavoring to get information from foreign countries with which we compete in the markets of the world regarding crops and prices. We are also taking steps to ascertain what crops are grown on different thermal lines, so that seeds and plants may be intelligently brought to this country to assist in the diversification of our crops and add to their variety. Agents are sent into foreign countries to make selections suitable to our various latitudes. All this work is done at a disadvantage and at considerable expense, which limits seed and plant importation. A scientist has been appointed in the department to have charge of seed and plant importation. He will correspond with American representatives abroad, with scientific associations, investigators, seed houses, and the like, so as to get information concerning plant life in different latitudes and along the life zones that control plant growth. The department requires the history as regards soil, climate, and antecedents of every seed or plant it imports.

World's Markets for Farmers.

The markets of the world are now in close, sympathetic touch. Their sources of supply are affected by the weather, by insect depredations, by military commotions, by transportation facilities, and by the intelligence of producers. The Department of Agriculture intends, through its bureaus, offices, and divisions, to carry information to the home of every farmer, and thus enable him to direct his efforts intelligently as changing conditions suggest.

The export of butter from this country is nothing new. It began even as early as the year 1747, and exceeded 1,000,000 pounds annually a hundred years ago. Then it increased to 35,000,000 pounds in 1863, and, dropping to 2,000,000 in 1870, rose to almost 40,000,000 in 1880. Since that time the quantity exported has been as low as 5,000,000 pounds a year (1884) and as high as 31,000,000, the latter for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897. New York city reports, for the commercial years ending with May, butter exports of 643,000 packages (about 60 pounds each) for 1880, 292,000 for 1890, 24,000 for 1895, 199,000 for 1896, and 320,000 for 1897. Since May 1, 1897, the exports from New York have been about 12 per cent greater than for the same months in 1896; but prior to the last year or two the butter exported was of low grade as a rule, and made not so much with a view to establishing a regular trade as to take advantage of special and transient conditions of the markets at home and abroad, and to make profits on these occasional business ventures.

Meat Inspection.

The appropriation at the disposal of the bureau has not been sufficient to enable it to inspect the animals slaughtered in the United States designed for interstate and foreign commerce. The force engaged in this work has been enlarged from time to time, and the number of animals inspected has increased each year. During the past year all the beef exported to Europe, and a great part of the pork and other meat products, have been inspected in accordance with the law, but the bureau has found it impossible to inspect the large amount of meat slaughtered for interstate trade. The force now used in the inspection is competent and efficient, and it should be extended sufficiently to meet the intent of the law looking to the inspection of all the meat entering into interstate and foreign trade. The persons obtained by certification from the eligible list of the civil service, as a rule, have been more competent and efficient than those obtained before the force was brought within the classified service.

The work of inspection was in operation at 128 abattoirs and packing houses located in 33 cities.

Seed Distribution.

The appropriation of $150,000 for the distribution of seeds for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, provided that $150,000 must be expended for the purchase of seeds, leaving $20,000 for putting up and mailing the same. The seeds were purchased already put up in packages and mailed from the different cities where the contracts were held. The appropriation for the present fiscal year is $120,000, of which amount $110,000 must be expended in the purchase of seeds. The conditions of the law will require the contracting with the smallest possible number of seed houses. The purchase of bulbs, plants, cuttings, etc., must be paid from the remaining $20,000.

The spirit of the law requires that the seeds, plants, bulbs, etc., be rare and valuable. Efforts are being made by the present secretary of agriculture to spend the appropriation for seeds, plants, etc., by purchases through agents and representatives abroad, through seed houses and scientific associations. The Old World contains many things that would be valuable to the New World. All this work, however, must be paid for out of the $20,000 appropriated and not required to be expended for the purchase of seeds. The distribution of imported seeds and plants to the several experiment stations throughout the country and otherwise must be paid for out of the $20,000 fund. This will necessarily circumscribe efforts in this direction. It is desirable that more of the appropriation given for seeds should be available for the introduction of what is new and rare.

Division of Forestry.

There is one economic question closely related to the general welfare of our future rather than our present which, I fear, has not received adequate attention by our people or by Congress—the forestry question.

It has become apparent that sooner or later a large line of manufacturing industries employing at present capital to the amount of more than one billion of dollars, employing labor of more than one million workers, and producing nearly $2,000,000,000 of value annually, will be more or less hampered for lack of suitable supplies because of the absence of rational use and systematic reproduction of our forest resources. In addition, our agricultural interests in the hill country and mountain districts are bound to suffer, indeed are beginning to suffer from the same cause, just as they have suffered in other countries.

Experiment Stations.

The agricultural experimental stations now in operation in every state and territory except Alaska, continue to carry on a large amount of scientific and practical work giving results of great value to American agriculture. They enjoy more largely than ever the support and confidence of farmers and horticulturists. A number of the states have liberally supplemented the funds appropriated by Congress for the maintenance of the experiment stations. During the past year the revenues of the stations aggregated more than a million dollars, of which $720,000 was received under the act of Congress of March 2, 1887.

Accounts and Disbursements.

Including the sum of $720,000 for agricultural experiment stations, Congress appropriated to the Department of Agriculture for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, $3,168,532.

While the appropriation for the agricultural experiment stations is included in the act making appropriations for the department, the money is paid quarterly directly to the 48 experiment stations, as provided by the act approved March 2, 1887. The expenditures from this fund are, therefore, not considered in the following statement of department expenses.

Of the amount appropriated for the fiscal year 1897, $2,146,044.23 was disbursed prior to July 1, 1897. There remained on that date unpaid bills aggregating $184,000. When these shall have been paid the total expenditures from the appropriations for the year 1897 will be, in round numbers, $2,330,000, leaving a final balance to return to the treasury of about $118,000. The total amount paid out during the year was $2,306,365.36, including $1,488.10 for supplemental accounts of 1895 and $159,836.57 for those of 1896.

BOYCOTT NOT LEGAL.

Important Opinion by a Federal Court.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 13.—An opinion has been handed down in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals holding that the boycott is not a legal weapon. The case in question is that of the Oxley Stave Company, of Kansas City, Kan., vs. H. C. Hoskins and twelve others, all members of the Coopers' Union, No. 18, of Kansas City, and Trades Assembly of the same place. Some of them were employed in the Oxley Stave Company.

In January, 1896, the stave company placed in their plant a machine to hoop barrels. The defendants, after requesting the stave company to withdraw their machines and having their request refused, caused a boycott. The stave company went to the United States District Court and secured an injunction against the defendants restricting them from pushing the boycott. The defendants appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which now affirms the decision of the lower court.

Judges Sanborn and Thayer, in doing so, said that the defendants had no right to form a conspiracy to deprive the plaintiff of its own rights to manage its own business. If such a thing was lawful then a combination may be organized for the purpose of preventing the use of typesetting machines, presses, harvesters, thrashers and thousands of other useful inventions.

Judge Caldwell dissents from his associates in a lengthy opinion in which he says: "The only weapon of defense the laborer can appeal to is the strike or the boycott or both. These weapons they have an undoubted right to use so long as they use them in a peaceable and orderly manner. This is the only lawful limitation upon their use. That limitation is fundamental and must be observed. It was observed in the case at bar to its fullest extent. If these weapons are withheld from them, then, indeed, are they left naked to their enemies."

IN CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

Pennsylvania Monuments Dedicated With Appropriate Ceremonies.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 15.—This morning opened cloudy with prospects of rain, but about 10 o'clock the heavens cleared, and the day is all that could be desired by the visiting Pennsylvanians. The weather this afternoon is perfect, and especially fitted for the elaborate exercises on Orchard Knob. The morning was spent by the thousands of Pennsylvanians in regimental dedicatory exercises. The survivors of the 27th, 28th, 90th, 147th, 46th, 29th and 111th held impressive exercises around their various monuments, formally dedicating them.

With impressive exercises the monuments, tablets and markers erected at Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Orchard Knob and Missionary Ridge, to commemorate the services of the Pennsylvania state troops, will be dedicated to-day under the auspices of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park commission and the Pennsylvania commission.

CLEVELAND'S BOY

Is to Be Called Richard Folsom, Instead of Grover, Jr.

Princeton, N. J., Nov. 11.—The Princeton collegians were greatly disappointed when it became known to-day that Grover Cleveland's son is to be named Richard Folsom Cleveland. They had given the name of Grover Cleveland, Jr., on the day of his birth, and hoped it would stick to him. The name decided upon is given in honor of Mrs. Cleveland's father.

FOUR DOLLARS A TON.

Indiana Farmers Find a Good Market for Cornstalks.

Anderson, Ind., Nov. 13.—Hundreds of tons of cornstalks are being contracted for in this county to be shipped to Marsden, Ind., and Owensboro, Ky., to be converted into cellulose by the companies that are just completing plants at those two points. This is a new market for Indiana farmers and they realize $4 a ton from it already. The pith is taken from the stalk and made into a chemical block called cellulose, which is sold to the government and shipbuilders to place between the armor plate and the body of the vessel.

We offer Special Prizes to best agents in *addition* to a good commission for every subscriber secured.

Mrs. V., of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes: "Our commissions and prize have wiped out one hundred dollars church indebtedness."

We divided nearly $15,000 last year among 440 agents, as special rewards, to our best workers.

We shall do the same this year.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MRS. NACK CONFESSES.

Tells the Hideous Story of Guldensuppe's Murder.

New York, Nov. 10.—The startling announcement in the morning papers that Mrs. Nack had confessed the murder of William Guldensuppe, and implicated her lover, Martin Thorn, was confirmed when court assembled, by Judge August A. Weller, who is assisting District Attorney Youngs in the prosecution.

Thorn's lawyers were very reticent on the subject, but when Judge Weller was questioned on the truth of the rumor by an Associated Press reporter, he replied: "Yes, she has; there is no doubt about it."

Judge Smith, accompanied by District Attorney Walter Jay Cox, of Suffolk county, took his seat on the bench when the hour for opening court arrived. The twelve jurymen then took their places in the jury box, and Thorn, handcuffed to Capt. Methven came in a minute later and shook hands with his counsel.

The latter informed the prisoner for the first time of the confession of Mrs. Nack, and Thorn's face flushed. Mr. Howe handed his client a copy of a morning paper, bearing a large headline which read: "Mrs. Nack has turned states evidence."

Thorn gazed at it intently and then handed back the paper.

At sixteen minutes to 10 o'clock the main door of the court-house opened and Mrs. Nack, accompanied by her lawyer and Deputy Sheriff Debragga, walked up the center of the court.

Thorn eyed her closely as she stood within a yard of him, but she avoided his gaze. She was soon placed on the stand and under the examination of Judge Weller began the recital of her story, leading up to the time that she had left her husband, and was living with Guldensuppe at 439 Ninth avenue.

Green-Eyed Monster.

Guldensuppe was known there as her husband. Thorn came down there to board. Thorn and Guldensuppe had a fight, and Guldensuppe licked Thorn. Thorn pulled a revolver and fired one shot at Guldensuppe, but did not hit him.

"After fourteen days later," said Mrs. Nack, "a man came to my house for Thorn's clothes. I told the man that Thorn was sick in the hospital, but gave him the clothes. Thorn came back three days later with his face and eyes black and blue and his neck swollen. He asked me for money."

"Why did he ask you for money?" asked Judge Weller.

"He got no work and I gave him money," replied Mrs. Nack in broken English.

"When Thorn went away I promised to pay his board bill until he could get work. I met Thorn after this at Twenty-third street and Ninth avenue, when I gave him $20. Thorn was very bitter against Guldensuppe and wanted to kill him. Thorn said: 'Woman, I love you.' I said: 'I am a married woman.' 'I know better; you are not,' replied Thorn. 'Your husband lives in Astoria.'

"Thorn again said he wanted to kill Guldensuppe. I say, 'Martin don't kill Guldensuppe; no, kill me.' One day I had another talk with Thorn, and he again say he will kill Guldensuppe. I say no, he say yes. One night Thorn and me quarreled. Martin grabbed me by the throat, and held me till blood came from my nose and mouth. I then had talk with Thorn about hiring a house at Woodside. We went out to see the house and Thorn offered the woman who had the key money, but she would not take it. We then returned to the saloon in New York. This man owned the Woodside house, and Thorn paid him $15 in cash for one month's rent of the Woodside house. I think Thorn gave the name of Braun when he hired the house. Thorn took the receipt and told the landlord he did not know when he would move in. Then Thorn told me that he would kill Guldensuppe in the Ninth avenue house and put his body in a trunk and send it away. I said: 'No, don't do this.' Thorn then told me to bring Guldensuppe to Woodside house, and he would kill him there. I had to do all Martin told me to do."

Story of the Murder.

Gradually the lawyer led the witness up to the morning of Friday, June 25, the day that the crime was committed. She said she and Guldensuppe left New York between 9 and 10 o'clock that morning, and after they had crossed the ferry they boarded a trolley car which left them at the Woodside cottage.

"I had the key of the house," she said, "and I opened the front door. I told Guldensuppe to enter and examine the house while I went into the yard. He went up-stairs, and I heard a shot. Martin Thorn came running down, and when he met me he said: 'I have shot him; he is dead.' He was very excited and I was half dead," said the self-confessed murderess breathlessly.

"What did you do then?" asked Judge Weller.

"He asked me to go home and come back at 5 o'clock. When I came back that evening, Thorn had everything packed in bundles. He handed me a bundle which he said contained Guldensuppe's clothes, and he took another bundle which was wrapped up in gray colored paper. He said that it was Guldensuppe's head, and that it was done up in plaster of paris. We took the trolley car and went over to New York on a ferry boat."

Disposal of the Body.

In relating what had been done with the various parts of Guldensuppe's corpse, Mrs. Nack said that when she went back to the cottage at 5 o'clock Thorn had everything tied up in parcels, some of them in the oil cloth that she had purchased in Long Island City. When they were ready to leave the cottage she took one parcel and Thorn another. Hers contained Guldensuppe's clothing and in Thorn's parcel was the dead man's head, which he had incased in plaster of paris in a wash tub of the cottage. They went directly to a ferry—which one she did not know—and she went to the front of the boat and Thorn stayed on the rear. Soon after the boat was in midstream Thorn rejoined her and said that he had thrown the head overboard. On reaching New York she went to her house, where she burned the parcel containing the clothing.

On June 26 they went back to the cottage and found the other bundles still there. On leaving, Thorn carried one of the bundles with him, and they again crossed the ferry, and Thorn stayed on the rear of the boat until it had nearly reached New York, when he came to her and said that he had dropped his bundle in the water. It contained a part of the dismembered body.

Ordeal for Thorn.

The woman spoke fairly intelligible English with a very strong German accent.

During the recital Thorn's lawyers left their accustomed seats near the prisoner, and were accommodated with chairs to the witness. Thorn listened to every word with his lips closely compressed, his hands clasped and resting on his knees. His face bore that same stolid look of indifference which it had worn all through but his eyes were unrestful.

During her direct examination Mrs. Nack broke down and cried, but this had no effect on the prisoner, and if anything, he seemed to enjoy her discomfiture, as that old-time grin played around his mouth.

Attorney Weller showed Mrs. Nack four photographs of Guldensuppe, which she identified. He asked:

"Why do you make this statement?"

Mrs. Nack replied: "I don't want to have it on my mind." Then she began to cry. "I make this statement of my own free will," she said. "I want to get it off my conscience. No promise of mercy has been made me. I wanted to clear my mind. I don't care what hangs over me, or what they do with me."

Ship Load of Coin.

San Francisco, Nov. 13.—Advices received in this city convey the information that the steamship Mariposa from Sydney and Auckland due here Nov. 18, carries £800,000 in English sovereigns, equal to $1,500,000, consigned to two local banks. This is the fourth shipment during the past four months, making the aggregate received this fall from the same source about $10,000,000.

SOVEREIGN DEPOSED.

Heads of Other Leaders Also Drop Into the Basket.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 13.—James R. Sovereign, who has been master workman of the Knights of Labor for the past four years or more, was yesterday afternoon relieved of his office by the general assembly which has been in session in this city since Monday last. Under ordinary conditions Mr. Sovereign's term of office would not expire until the next meeting. This, however, it is said, makes no difference with the order whose general officers during a meeting are always in the hands of the assembly, and can be chosen and deposed at the will of the majority. Along with Mr. Sovereign there were three other officers retired, viz.: J. B. McGuire, general worthy foreman, and Daniel Brown, of Montana, and H. B. Martin, of Minnesota, members of the executive committee. Henry A. Hicks, of New York, district 253, New York city, was chosen to fill Mr. Sovereign's place and I. D. Chamberlain, of Pueblo, Col., was selected as general worthy foreman. Sarsfield Fitzpatrick, of Montreal, and Henry Bostock, of Assembly 300, Glassworkers, were chosen as the members of the executive board, the third member being Andrew D. Best.

This very decided change in the corps of general officers of the Knights of Labor will cause considerable astonishment in labor circles throughout the country. Save to those who were on the inside, so to speak, for the past three months there was absolutely nothing of this known. It is said though the change was sudden and totally unlooked for it was done with the amicable consent of all. On good authority it was learned that it was with Mr. Sovereign's hearty approval that he steps down and out. Mr. Sovereign stated that he wanted rest from the labor which the office entailed upon him.

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Discovered by a New Jersey Man, Aged 121, in Lawrence Brook.

New York, Nov. 13.—Lawrence Brook, in New Jersey, is the new fountain of youth, and Dr. Charles Smith is the modern Ponce de Leon.

"I am 121 years old," said Dr. Smith. "I have lived these many years because I have bathed in Lawrence Brook."

The aged doctor was entirely serious as he gave this remarkable information. He was under oath and was giving testimony before Judge Strong in a case in which he is the defendant.

"I was born in 1776," continued Dr. Smith. "If the people of New Brunswick would only believe me they would know that they have a fountain of youth in Lawrence Brook.

This dignified old doctor looks to be about 80 years old. He told the court that he has practiced medicine for 84 years.

Dr. Smith is the head of the American Medical Co-operative association of Rahway. Last summer he conducted a sanitarium on the banks of the life-giving stream, Lawrence Brook, and his patients he took to the stream to bathe. Some of the residents of New Brunswick objected to this practice, and the doctor was arrested for polluting the waters. The jury found for the doctor guilty. The penalty is $1,000 fine or imprisonment for two years.

SINGULAR EPIDEMIC.

Omaha Residents Are Suffering From a Peculiar Ailment.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 13.—The physicians of the city are considerably puzzled in regard to the nature of an ailment that has become epidemic in the city.

The disease develops in a small pimple, which rapidly spreads until it produces an irritation somewhat similar to the barber's itch. The eruptions are not painful, when they are let alone, neither is there the slightest accumulation of pus. The pimples are highly inflamed and finally scale off like scurvy. The disease was first noticed about three weeks ago and during that time has spread with such rapidity that it has become general, probably 10,000 persons now being affected in Omaha.

In most cases the eruption is confined to the face, but there are hundreds of cases of women and children in which it breaks out on the limbs and body.

SMUGGLER MINE ON FIRE.

Disastrous Blaze Under Ground at Aspen, Col.

Denver, Nov. 15.—A special to the Republican from Aspen, Col., says:

A fire that bids fair promise of closing down every big mine in the camp is raging in the eighth level of the Smuggler mine. The cause of the catastrophe is supposed to be spontaneous combustion, although there are a few who are inclined to the theory that a careless miner and a candle are responsible. So far the fire is confined to the large crib and is burning at a point about 800 feet below the surface. The crib contains many thousands of cords of dry timber. All efforts to reach the fire have proved unsuccessful and an attempt to place bulkheads in connection came near costing the lives of some 50 men. Over 40 of these were so overcome by the deadly gas that for a time their lives were despaired of.

CLEVELAND GLAD

That He Signed the Petition for Princeton Inn Liquor License.

Chicago, Nov. 13.—The Times-Herald this morning prints the following:

Princeton, N. J., Nov. 12.—To the Editor: I do not care if all the synods and presbyteries in the country were to offer an adverse decision, it would be no good reason why I should alter my opinion. I am very sorry that Dr. Shields has been bothered over this matter, as he is an old and very dear friend of mine. Otherwise the action of the presbytery does not affect me in the least. When I signed the petition for the liquor license for the Princeton Inn, I in no sense committed a wrong, and if the same proposition came up for my consideration again I would do the same thing.

(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

PROPOSED BUILDING

By Which Kentucky Democrats Hope to Distranchise Negroes.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 12.—The leading Democrats in the recently elected legislature are preparing a bill to amend the election laws so that all devices on the official ballots shall be done away with, and requiring each voter to write on the ballot the names of the candidates for whom he votes. The larger majority of the negro voters of Kentucky cannot write, and should this bill become operative it would thus distranchise at least 60,000 voters, and greatly increase the Democratic majority. Governor Bradley would likely veto the measure, but the Democrats have a two-thirds majority in the legislature, and could pass it over his head.

Philadelphia Gas Deal.

Philadelphia, Nov. 13.—Mayor Warwick has signed the bill recently passed by councils leasing the city gas works to the United Gas Improvement company. The terms of the lease are that the United Gas Improvement company is to pay a rental of $1,000,000 a year for 30 years, and to spend $5,000,000 on the improvement of the gas works. The value of the plant is estimated at $30,000,000, and much opposition to the lease has been manifested by citizens. The ordinance providing for the lease passed common council last week and the upper branch on Tuesday of this week.

Loaded With Alaskan Gold.

Seattle, Nov. 13.—The steamer City of Topeka arrived here yesterday from Juneau with $150,000 in gold, the property of four men, J. H. Haddy, E. Erickson, H. McBeth and J. McClellan, who have been mining in Cook's Inlet. They estimate the total clean-up of Cook's Inlet this season at $200,000.

—The statements of those who have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla prove the great merit of this medicine. Get only Hood's.

THEY RIDICULE IT.

MANY PEOPLE RIDICULE THE IDEA OF AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH TROUBLES.

Ridicule, However, is Not Argument and Facts Are Stubborn Things.

Stomach troubles are so common and in many cases so obstinate to cure that people are apt to look with suspicion on any remedy claiming to be a radical, permanent cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. Many such pride themselves on their acuteness in never being humbugged, especially on medicines.

This fear of being humbugged may be carried too far; so far, in fact, that many persons suffer for years with weak digestion rather than risk a little time and money in faithfully testing the claims of a preparation so reliable and so universally used as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Now Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly different in one important respect from ordinary proprietary medicines for the reason that they are not a secret, patent medicine, no secret is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows them to contain the natural digestive ferments, pure aseptic pepsin, the digestive acids, Golden Seal, bismuth, hydrastis and nux. They are not cathartic, neither do they act powerfully on any organ, but they cure indigestion on the common sense plan of digesting the food eaten promptly, thoroughly, before it has time to ferment, sour and cause mischief. This is the only secret of their success.

Cathartic pills never have and never can cure indigestion and stomach troubles because they act entirely upon the bowels, whereas the whole trouble is really in the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, taken after meals, digest the food. That is all there is to it. Food not digested or half digested is poison, as it creates gas, acidity, headaches, palpitation of the heart, loss of flesh and appetite, and many other troubles which are often called by some other name.

They are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. Address Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., for book on stomach diseases or ask your druggist for it.

OHIO ELECTION.

Lucas County Returns Complete the Tables Here Given Out.

Columbus, O., Nov. 15.—Lucas county election returns, which have delayed the announcement of the Ohio official vote for over a week, were received by the secretary of state to-day. The following results are officially declared:

Bushnell's majority over all 4,804, plurality over Chapman 28,101; Asa W. Jones, 27,029; Jacob F. Burkett, 25,630; Chas. S. Monnett, 25,999; Samuel B. Campbell, 26,497; Chas. A. Goddard, 25,977; Lewis D. Bonebrake, 26,544. Bushnell carried 55 counties and Chapman 33.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

Shows Majority of 4,629 for Republican Legislative Candidates.

Columbus, O., Nov. 11.—Senator Hanna did not lose the state on popular vote on the legislative ticket, as indicated by the unofficial election returns. The total vote for Republican members of the General Assembly exceeds that cast for the Democratic candidates by 4,629 votes.

The official plurality for Bushnell is 28,135.

ANOTHER RESPITE.

Once More Murderer Durrant's Life Is Prolonged.

San Francisco, Nov. 12.—William Henry Theodore Durrant did not hang at San Quinten to-day after all, the supreme court of this state having granted another respite at the eleventh hour. Up to four o'clock yesterday afternoon when the news flashed over the wires from Sacramento that the court, now in session there, had granted a writ of probable cause, and instructed Warden Hale not to carry out the execution of Durrant until further orders, there was apparently no further hope for the condemned murderer of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams, as his attorneys, Messrs. Dickinson and Boardman had made a futile effort to secure another writ of habeas corpus in the United States court and had not even been granted permission to appeal from that decision in the supreme court and the United States. Meantime, however, Attorney Duprey hastened to Sacramento and applied to the state supreme court for a writ of probable cause, for the purpose of staying the proceedings against his client upon the grounds that no official knowledge of the action of the supreme court of the United States in the matter of Durrant's appealing from the decision of the Federal court had yet been received; that the superior court had acted too hastily in sentencing Durrant to be hanged to-day, as the law required that he be given at least sixty days' grace; and thirdly, that the pendency of an appeal in the supreme court affecting the condemned was of itself sufficient cause for a stand of execution. The matter was partially argued in chambers and later argued before the full court and taken under advisement. Shortly afterward the court announced its decision, granting the writ applied for, in which all the justices concurred.

THE YUKON FIELDS.

Gold Beyond the Wildest Dreams of Man.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 12.—A correspondent of the Globe sends to his paper an extended interview with William Ogilvie, surveyor of the Department of the Interior, who left Ottawa for the Yukon country, June 19, 1895, and is now returned. Mr. Ogilvie reports that there are 100 claims on Bonanza creek, capable of yielding $250,000 to $500,000, and 30 claims on Eldorado creek that will, no doubt, yield an average of $1,000,000 each. These two creeks, he says, form but a small percentage of the rich placers already discovered.

The other streams in the vicinity, though not quite so rich, will rate very high compared with anything ever found in the country before.

The gold-bearing area extends up the Yukon from the American boundary at least 400 miles, and is in some places 100 miles wide. Over all this area good indications have been found, so it is safe to assert that the greatest wealth, if not the richest individual deposit, is yet to be discovered.

LOST GOLD MINE

Object of a Mysterious Expedition In California.

San Francisco, Nov. 11.—A mysterious expedition backed by Eastern capital and whose members are largely from Ohio and Pennsylvania, will soon leave this port in the little ten-ton sloop Anna Catharina. The Catharina is now lying in the harbor all loaded and has been cleared for St. Michaels, but this is probably not her destination. Despite the clearance papers it is thought that the little vessel will bear a party of gold seekers to the site of a gold mine on the southern coast, a point between San Diego and Panama being the most definite location which is given. It is thought the Eastern men are in quest of a lost gold mine in Mexico. The members will give no information. It is thought that William Amnock, Hugh Stewart and W. M. Graham, all of Pittsburg, are backing the enterprise. The sloop will sail in a few days.

VICTORY IN COURT.

Indiana Will Get Two Millions for Its School Fund.

Indianapolis, Nov. 15.—The Superior Court gave its decision in the case of the state against the Vandalia, Terre Haute & Indianapolis Railroad Company, which was the second victory of the state in the progress of its suit to recover $2,000,000 alleged to be due to the school fund on the old charter. The decision holds that the former suit by the state is no bar to the present action. In a previous decision in this suit by the Superior Court in June last, the demurrer to the state's complaint was overruled and the company was ruled to answer. To the answer of the company the state made a reply, and the decision was in favor of the state's reply in overruling the demurrer by the company.

JOINED HER HUSBAND.

Robert Lincoln's Daughter Leaves Her Chicago Home.

Chicago, Nov. 15.—Mrs. Jesse Lincoln Beckwith left last night for Aurora, Ill., to join her young husband, with whom she eloped last week. They will go on through to Mt. Pleasant, Ia. She made the trip alone, her mother accompanying her from the Lincoln residence to the Burlington Railway Station and then returning home. The Lincoln carriage arrived at the station just two minutes before the departure of the Mt. Pleasant train, which left at 5:50 o'clock. This close connection was made in order to avoid a crowd of newspaper men who had become aware of the fact that Abraham Lincoln's grandaughter had won out in her fight for a husband of her own choice and was to leave to join him.

Robert T. Lincoln refused to accompany his daughter to the station, and is still angry at the young man who had presumed to break through the exclusive barriers that Mr. Lincoln had worked so hard to build up, and which he thought were impregnable. His daughter, however, has a will of her own, and flatly refused to give up her young husband, and accordingly her parents concluded to let her have her own way, although Mr. Lincoln refuses to condone his son-in-law's offense.

QUADRUPLETS AND TWINS

By Which a Texas Postmaster Hopes to Hold His Job.

Washington, Nov. 14.—Postmaster E. T. Page, of Redwater, Tex., will be retained by this administration and all because of the birth of quadruplets and twins in his family. Eleven years ago he was given the postoffice but when Gen. Clarkson became assistant postmaster general in the Wanamaker administration an effort was made to replace the postmaster with a candidate of the Republican party. Many applications for the place were filed but Page appealed for retention citing that his wife had just presented him with bouncing quadruplets an dthat twice before twins had been born to them. This settled the case, Gen. Clarkson decided not to remove the incumbent.

The case has now come up again and a number of candidates have sought the place. But Page has again protested that the sucessful raising of three of the quadruplets and two sets of twins entitled him to some consideration, and sent photographs of the three surviving quadruplets, now almost young ladies. Assistant Postmaster General Bristow conferred with Postmaster General Gary and the two decided that there should be no change in the office.

THREE INDIANS LYNCHED.

Mob Takes Vengeance On the Murderers of Spicer Family.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 15.—A special to the Tribune from Bismarck, N. D., says:

Alex Coudot, Indian half-breed, Paul Holytrack and Philip Ireland, full-blooded Indians, the first of whom was sentenced to death for the murder of six members of the Spicer family last February, and had just been granted a new trial by the supreme court, and the latter two self-confessed accessories in the murder, were taken from the country jail in Emmons county last night, and lynched by a mob. The lynching had been apparently coolly planned and was carried out without a break in the programme.

One in Arkansas.

Oscelon, Ark., Nov. 15.—Henry Phillips alias "Cy" Jones, a negro, a self-confessed murderer and moonshiner, was lynched in the courtyard here at midnight Saturday night by a mob composed of prominent citizens of this town and surrounding county. The direct cause of the lynching was the murder of a merchant near here by Phillips a few days ago.

Old Soldier's Wager.

Columbus, O., Nov. 15.—Col. A. H. Barnes, of Leavenworth, Kan., who is walking from that city to Washington, D. C., stopped here at the barracks. He is walking against a wager that an old soldier is not capable of marching 20 miles per day. He agreed to walk from Leavenworth to Washington in 65 days. He is now six days ahead of his scheduled time, and expects to reach Washington 10 days short of the time agreed upon.

FOREIGN NEWS.

REVERSING WEYLER.

Humane Orders Issued by Captain-General Blanco.

London, Nov. 15.—The Madrid correspondent of the Standard says:

At the request of Marshal Blanco, the government has postponed to Nov. 25 the publication of the decree of autonomy for the West Indies. This is with a view of gazetting all the reforms at the same time and of allowing Marshal Blanco meanwhile to push operations against the insurgents and to complete the reorganization of the colony.

Havana, Nov. 15.—The Gazette publishes an edict of the governor general with respect to the supply of food to reconcentrados and the treatment of those discharged as cured from the hospitals. This will state that it is impossible to annul at once the edict of concentration, as most of those affected by it are homeless and destitute of all means of livelihood, so that their condition would be made worse by an immediate annulment. It is, therefore, necessary the edict will declare, to proceed with great care. Those having property will be at liberty to return to the country districts after obtaining permits from the local authorities. Property owners will be at liberty to provide themselves with the means of defense and to use the revolver and the machete to protect themselves, provided they have previously obtained a license.

Such reconcentrados as are absolutely destitute will remain in the towns under the protection of local bureaus of charity, assisted by a state fund. A junta of assistance will be formed at once with branches in the principal towns under the direction of prominent people and "full protection will be extended to insurgents who surrender."

Cuban Autonomy Decree.

Madrid, Nov. 12.—A royal decree granting autonomy to Cuba, will be formally gazetted on November 28.

Insurgents Derailed a Train.

Havana, Nov. 13.—The insurgents have dynamited and derailed a train running between Nuevitas, the port of Puerto Principe and the city of Puerto Principe, capital of the province of that name. No further details have been made public.

BRITISH TRADE

Is Falling Off While American Business Advances.

London, Nov. 13.—A series of articles which is attracting much attention under the head "Marching Backwards," has been appearing in the Daily Mail. The writer has shown that Great Britain is falling behind in the great industrial race and has demonstrated how the United States, France and Germany can show increased exports to the amount of 25,000,000 pounds in the twelve years extending from 1883 to 1895. It is further proved that the exports of the United Kingdom in the same period increased 9,000,000 pounds ($45,000,000.)

Commenting upon this showing, the Daily Mail expresses the opinion that the main reasons for this falling off in British trade are want of business instinct and want of genuine patriotism," as evidenced by ship owners carrying foreigners goods at lower rates than Britishers."

FOUR THESSALY

Desolated by Turkish Soldiers—30,000 of Them Sick.

London, Nov. 13.—The Constantinople correspondent of the Standard, who is visiting the Ismidt district, telegraphs that he has learned there of the terrible ravages of sickness in the Turkish army in Thessaly. Of 200 redifs or reserves, who were taken from the district, only forty have returned to their homes. Turkish transports are daily embarking the sick, the number of whom, it is estimated, is 20,000.

Reports from Thessaly describe the province as a perfect waste. The Ottoman troops have gradually eaten up the whole country. Houses have been gutted by the troops and their contents sold to Jewish syndicates.

British Arbitration Treaty.

London, Nov. 12.—Dr. Darby, secretary of the arbitration alliance, has presented to Lord Salisbury a memorial with 64,572 signatures attached in favor of an Anglo-American arbitration treaty.

TO ABSORB BOLIVIA.

South Americans Said to Be Planning War.

Valparaiso, Chili, Nov. 12.—A plan for a dreibund of Chili, Peru and Argentina is in existence which, if adopted by the three governments, will wipe Bolivia off the South American map. Chili, Peru and Argentina dividing her territory.

Startling as this statement is, there are many who are inclined to give it credence. Without a doubt some international step of importance is under contemplation. Chili and Peru have become entangled with Bolivia and what the result will be no one can tell. The demands of the alarmists for an explanation from the government, it is generally believed are justified. Senor Salinas, Chili's minister to Sucre, Bolivia, has gone to Santiago, to confer with the government on the situation. The government flatly denies that he will not return to Sucre though there are grave fears that he will be murdered if he does return, as the feeling there against Chili is intense. In the clubs and cafes and at social gatherings everywhere in Bolivia one hears Chili talked of as a faithless disloyal nation.

Reasons for all the feeling against Chili are to be found in the rebellion of 1891 and its bearing on the Ancion treaty. The revolutionists promised to Bolivia if she would recognize the belligerency of the rebels that if they were victorious they would give to Bolivia two years after victory the two Peruvian provinces Tacna and Arica held temporarily by Chili under the Ancion treaty.

WASHINGTON.

BUSINESS OF CONGRESS.

Important Questions Will Be Up This Winter.

Washington, Nov. 15.—As the time approaches for the convening of the 56th Congress considerable interest is manifested as to the questions first to be considered. There will be a Republican majority in the lower house, but a minority in the Senate. It is, in a sense, unfortunate that the party in control of the executive branch of the government has not a majority in the Senate as well as in the House, as questions of great importance are to be considered, and in that case, the entire responsibility for action or inaction could be laid upon the shoulders of the dominant party, without any probable protest from them as to opposition.

Matters of great interest and concern will be presented and discussed at an early day after Congress meets. They will affect this country's relations with Spain and Japan, and are national and international in character rather than partican in any sense, so that their adjustment will be closely watched by foreign nations.

Undoubtedly the most difficult question to be dealt with is that relating to Cuba. It has been intimated from time to time that Congress, when convened, would not stand the indefinite policy pursued by Spain in connection with this government's inquiries relative to Cuba, and even that Spain's attitude toward the United States in the matter has not been entirely satisfactory to the President. The latest correspondence, however, from that country would seem to be of a very pacific nature, but be that as it may it is generally conceded that the first question to arise after Congress convenes will be Cuba, and the state department correspondence, which has been accumulating to a considerable extent, will be published and the whole situation placed before the country, as well as Congress. Then it remains to be seen what action will be taken as to the recognition of belligerent rights in that island. It is known that the President is strongly in favor of a peaceful solution of the problem if possible, but it is not the desire of the administration that Cuba shall be devastated and destroyed by a continuance of the practice of Gen. Weyler. There is no question but that the people of the United States are, by a large majority, in sympathy with the Cuban cause and desire to see, in some way, the freedom of the island accomplished.

Question of Hawaii.

Then there is the almost as important question of Hawaii. It is safe to say also that the people of this country, by a great majority, favor the annexation of these islands, in a territorial form of government. The Hawaiian annexation treaty was proclaimed by the President comparatively early in the administration, and has been ratified by the Hawaiian Congress. Our own Senate will undoubtedly take reasonably prompt action upon it after action upon the Cuban matter. Neither the Cuban nor the Hawaiian questions are party questions, and neither of them will divide Congress on party lines, and action of some sort on both these matters will probably occur very early in the session.

The prediction that the new year will see very close to a wiping out of monthly treasury deficits seems likely to be fulfilled. While the receipts from customs under the Dingley law have heretofore been less than the expenditures of the government, or even than the receipts of the Wilson law during the corresponding period of last year, they have been steadily gaining from month to month and week to week, and are now, according to treasury figures, larger than they were a year ago under the Wilson law. "It is simply a question of time, greater or less, which cannot be told exactly," said Assistant Secretary Howell, "when the new law will be producing its legitimate revenue and when the books will show a monthly surplus instead of a deficit. The law, considering the excessive anticipatory importations, many of which are still in the country, is doing remarkably well and fully meeting the hopes of its friends."

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS

Are Recommended by Postmaster-General Gary.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The annual report of Postmaster General Gary has been made public. The feature is the strong advocacy of postal savings depositories, a scheme over which Postmaster General Gary has worked for many months in the formulation of a plan to present to the President and congress. He says the time is ripe for their establishment, and that the adoption of a well organized system would confer a great boon upon a large number of people and ultimately be of inestimable benefit to the whole country. The estimates of the revenues and expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, are: Total postage revenue for 1897, $82,665,-462.77; add five per cent, $4,133,273.13. Estimated revenue for 1898, $86,798,-735.66; add seven per cent, $6,075,-911.51. Total estimated revenue for 1899, $82,874,647.37; estimated expenditures for 1898, $97,922,700; deficit for 1899, estimated, $6,048,112.63.

The portion on the subject of postal savings, in brief, follows:

Many millions of dollars is undoubtedly saved by people who have little or no confidence in ordinary securities and monetary institutions organized by private citizens. It is dead capital, but if its owners could be inspired with absolute confidence in the security of an investment, it is altogether probable that the bulk of this fund would find its way into the channels of trade and commerce.

People Would Be Glad.

If the government undertook this task the service would undoubtedly be gladly accepted by the people. Their faith in the government is unbounded. Their little savings, which separately could hardly be put out at interest, would amount in the aggregate to a sum that could be invested to their advantage. It would tend to cultivate thrift in a large class, realizing the advantage of depositing with the government instead of wastefully and uselessly expending, it would tend to bring into closer relationship the government and its citizens, and developing practical and enduring patriotism. The growth of patriotic sentiment and good citizenship constitute a powerful appeal to statesmanship to make a way for their beneficent consequences. The proposition is an accomplished fact in nearly every country in Europe, in the British dependencies of both hemispheres, and even in Hawaii. The conversion of money order offices into savings depositories would soon afford indefinitely more facility for receiving interest-bearing deposits than the interest paying banks do now. The most aggressive opponents are among the private institutions engaged in somewhat similar enterprises, though associations in larger cities recognize in it a valuable factor to the financial currents of the country.

TO SWINDLE UNCLE SAM.

Trust After Gilsonite Beds of Utah.

Washington, Nov. 10.—There is now in sight the formation of a greater and more remunerative monopoly than any of the gigantic trusts heretofore organized to control a specific industry. This new cobination of capital will seek to obtain possession of the gilsonite or asphaltum beds of Utah. There is in sight for this new monopoly the acquisition of property worth hundreds of millions.

The representatives of a wealthy New York syndicate and the agents of the St. Louis corporation now engaged in the gilsonite trade are preparing to struggle for this fabulous stake. The cost of the land under the mineral laws, or sold in the usual way by the government, would be but a trifle compared with profits. Congress is expected to stand between this new trust and the people, but the only alternative in sight seems to be government ownership, and there is little hope or salvation from that source.

Vast Wealth in a Small Area.

In Ashley and Uncompahgre Indian reservation in Utah will be opened to settlement all except the mineral lands, which are reserved by the government. Those

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mineral lands embrace about 10,000 square acres. The only mineral known to exist there is gilsonite, or asphaltum. When the vast wealth lying in this small area, awaiting only the consent of the government and the enterprise of man to bring it forth is estimated, the discoveries of gold in the Klondike region seem insignificant.

George Eldridge, the United States geological expert, says, in his report, that 23,000,000 tons of asphaltum can be mined in this territory. As every city in the United States is now laying asphalt paving, the value of this richest deposit in the world can be understood. The St. Louis corporation, which is now working a lode adjacent to the reservation, is selling its product for $40 or $50 a ton. Estimating the value of the deposit at $40 a ton, the asphaltum contained in the lands to be retained by the government represents a latent wealth of $920,000,-000.

The problem as to what disposition shall be made of these lands will be one of the most troublesome with which Congress will have to deal at the approaching session.

INDIA MADE OBJECTIONS.

Why Great Britain Objected to Uncle Sam's Overtures.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The official report of the correspondence in regard to the bimetallic proposals of the United States monetary commission to the government of Great Britain together with the report of the proceedings at the conference of the British premier, the secretary of state for India, the first lord of the treasury, and the chancellor of the exchequer with the French ambassador and our commissioners, has reached this country in fully condensed form, reports cabled to The Associated Press on October 21 and 22. The negotiations fell through, notwithstanding the expressed willingness of the French government to open its mints, owing to the rejection by the British government of the proposition to again open the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver. None of the other propositions were replied to, because that one, the most important of the concessions requested of Great Britain, could not be acceded to. The government of Great Britain in making her answer deferred to the wishes of the government of India to which the proposal was referred, and the reply of the government of India, therefore is the most important communication in the correspondence. It is a lengthy document in which the advantages pro and con to India are argued and a very strong case from their standpoint is made out in favor of the rejection of the proposal. The disturbance of values in India with the attendant paralysis of trade, at least temporarily, the fall of silver prices in India concurrently with the increase of gold prices in Europe and America, etc., are advanced, but the most potent reason urged against the proposition is that the burden of failure, if failure should come from the experiment, for the re-establishment of bimetallism by France and the United States must inevitably fall on India.

MINISTER TO CHINA.

Charles Page Bryan, of Chicago, Appointed by the President.

Washington, Nov. 11.—The President to-day appointed Charles Page Bryan, of Illinois, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to China.

Mr. Bryan is a resident of Elmhurst, in Representative Hopkins district. He is about 42 years old and has been somewhat active in politics. He has been a member of the legislature for three terms and was a candidate for speaker. He was educated in Europe, and is a fluent linguist.

Minister Denby, who is succeeded by this appointment, has held the position since the beginning of President Cleveland's first term. President Harrison appointed ex-Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, to succeed him, but he was objectionable to the Chinese government, and Mr. Denby was left undisturbed.

Presidential Appointments.

Washington, Nov. 10.—The President to-day made the following appointments: Charles W. Kindrick, of Louisiana, to be consul general of the United States at Monterey, Mex.; Archibald A. Young, surveyor of customs for the port of Indianapolis, Ind.; John H. Dawson, special examiner of drugs, medicines and chemicals in the district of San Francisco.

LANGSTON IS DEAD.

One of the Most Prominent Leaders of His Race in America.

Washington, Nov. 16.—Ex-Congressman John M. Langston, of Virginia, one of the prominent colored men of the country, died here at 8:30 last evening. He was 68 years of age, having been born a slave in 1827. He was emancipated at the age of six, and was educated at Oberlin, where he graduated from the theological department in 1854. He afterwards studied law and practiced his profession until 1869, during which time he held several township offices in Ohio, being the first colored man elected to office in the United States by popular vote. In 1869 he was given the professorship of law at Howard university, remaining with that institution for several years. From 1877 to 1885 he was United States minister and consul-general to Hayti. Upon his return to this country he became president of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute at Parkersburg, Va., where he remained for three years, when he was elected to the Fifty-first congress, and was given his seat on a contest. Since 1891 Mr. Langston has been prominent in politics, but has not held office.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

Loss During the Month, but a Gain for the Year.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The monthly statement of the imports and exports issued by the bureau of statistics shows the exports of domestic merchandise during October last to have amounted to $109,583,348, a loss of nearly $2,500,000 as compared with October, 1896. These imports of merchandise during October is shown to have been $49,690,013, of which $24,354,333 was free of duty. For the last ten months a gain of $79,272,702 is shown over the corresponding period of last year in the exports of merchandise, and a gain of $64,555,273 in the imports.

During last October the exports of gold amounted to $310,616 and the imports to $11,340,786.

The silver exports during October aggregated $5,225,342, and the imports, $1,691,661. In October, 1896, the silver exports amounted to $4,794,339, and the imports, $983,440.

Supreme Court Recess.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The United States supreme court yesterday took a recess until Monday, the 29th instant.

NEGOTIATIONS STRAINED.

Canada Wants to Settle Too Many Points at Once.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The Canadians determined to-day to meet the propositions for the immediate suspension of pelagic sealing with a counter proposition for the establishment of a commission to arrange a general settlement not only of the Bering sea question, but of reciprocity, border immigration, North Atlantic fisheries and all pending questions between the United States and Canada. It was stated authoritatively that this proposition will be submitted when the diplomatic phases of the subject were taken up to-day. Whether it will tend toward an adjustment is doubtful. The contention of the American representatives is that the Bering sea question is the first thing to be disposed of, and that the suspension of pelagic sealing can not be put off until action is matured on reciprocity, immigration and the other subjects. The Canadians are equally insistent that they will not surrender on the sealing question without at the same time securing action on all the other subjects, which, to them, are of quite as much importance as the Bering sea question. Their suggestion of a commission, therefore, will contemplate the assembling of duly authorized commissioners, to be appointed by the President and by Canada, to consider all pending questions and, if possible, negotiate a treaty covering a settlement of all of them. This plan necessarily implies the suspension of action on the Bering sea question for the present.

It is understood that, while the United States representatives have no objection to a commission they will insist that the first preliminary to it is a suspension, by modus vivendi or other expedient, temporary, if need be, of pelagic sealing.

Letter From Sherman.

It developed to-day that Secretary Sherman had written a letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier which may have an important bearing on the Canadian negotiations. The letter is not made public and all persons cognizant of it are very reticent concerning it. It is said this letter resulted from the divided responsibility of the officials here, General Foster having charge of the Bering Sea, Secretary Gage of immigration, Mr. Kasson of reciprocity, etc.

While each of these officials was desirous of making friendly arrangements with the Canadians, there was no one person who could consider the subjects homeogenously, granting a concession on one subject for an equal concession on another subject. This being recognized as an embarrassment to the negotiations, it is understood that Mr. Sherman's letter to Sir Wilfrid suggests means for a broader discussion of the relations between the two countries.

The Bering sea meeting began at 11 o'clock to-day under the usual circumstances of secrecy.

The commercial organizations of the country are becoming interested in the question of reciprocity with Canada, as is evidenced by a communication from the Boston Merchants' association which has reached the Department of State and been placed in the hands of Mr. Kasson, specially charged with reciprocity negotiations. It made a strong plea for Canadian reciprocity.

UNCLE SAM BUNKOED

By a Man Who Had a Warehouse Right on the Border.

Washington, Nov. 15.—A curious case of smuggling on the Mexican border line has been discovered recently by the government officials at Nogales, Ariz., and equally curious action has been taken to suppress it. On May 6th last, land about Nogales was declared subject to entry and among those who took advantage of the right was a man who made a townsite selection directly on the international border line and immediately erected a large house thereon with doors on both sides. By this means, according to official reports, the laws were evaded by backing up teams laden with Mexican goods to the rear door of the house, which did not require crossing the line and the goods were then taken out of the door on the American side and carried away. The case was reported by the collector of customs and he asked that no townsite be allowed unless there was a strip set apart along the border to prevent this evasion. The general land office has now acted on this proposition and the President has made a reservation of a strip of land, 60 feet wide and two miles long, at Nogales which it is hoped will prevent such practices as that referred to and secure to the government its customs dues. The necessary surveys for the purpose are now being made.

"LARD" HOGS.

Comparison of Values of American and English Breeds.

Washington, Nov. 10.—Director Curtiss, of the Iowa experimental station, has submitted to Secretary of Agriculture Wilson a comparative report on English and "American lard" hogs, embracing the results of tests to determine the best for food and the prices received for each breed. The report states that the market discrimination between the breeds is very slight, only ten cents a hundred pounds in favor of the Tamworth and Berkshires, the English breeds. They sold for $3.85 per hundred, while all the sellers bought hogs. All the breeds of hogs tested made pork at substantially the same price for raising, feeding, etc., about two cents per pound. Secretary Wilson says while the demand abroad may be greater for the bacon hogs than for the other the demand for lard hogs is as great as ever.

Bering Sea Conference.

Washington, Nov. 10.—General Foster and Sir Julian Pauncefote conferred yesterday as to the arrangements for the meeting of British, Canadian and American representatives relative to Bering Sea. A general understanding was reached that the arrival of Sir Wilfred Laurier and party would permit the meeting to open on Thursday, and to-day is likely to be given up to an exchange of views between the Canadians and British.

American Frozen Beef Abroad.

Washington, Nov. 16.—Consul McBride, at Edinburgh, says in a report to the state department that it is claimed in that city that American frozen beef has a great sale, but that it is made clandestinely. It is asserted that large quantities of the article are brought to Edinburgh, sold to the butchers at 7 cents a pound and retailed at 20 and 22 cents as home fed beef.

Japan Makes a Denial.

Washington, Nov. 13.—The Japanese legation makes official denial of reports that Nicaragua had tendered to Japan the franchise of the Nicaraguan canal. It is stated officially that no negotiations of any kind have occurred between Nicaragua and Japan relative to the canal.

LOW STILL PRESIDENT.

Pulled Back His Resignation From Columbia.

New York, Nov. 16.—When Seth Low decided to become the candidate of the Citizens' Union for mayor of New York, he sent his resignation as president of Columbian college to the board of trustees. The latter at their last meeting decided to lay the matter over. Yesterday the committee, of which Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, was chairman, decided not to accept the resignation, and requested Mr. Low to withdraw it. To this he consented without comment.

WANT STATEHOOD.

Oklahoma Desires to Get Out of Swaddling Clothes.

Hennessey, Okla., Nov. 16.—The territorial press association, in session here has adopted resolutions favoring the creation of a state from Oklahoma territory provided that if its boundaries shall include Oklahoma and the Indian territories, the state so created shall exercise neither legislative, judicial nor other control over either of the five nations until such nations shall ratify the constitution of such state in such manner as Congress may direct."

CONSUMPTION.

(CONTINUED.)

Extracts From Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in Lung Diseases.

To cure the lungs after the bacili germs have attacked them and set up consumption, is one of the greatest achievements of modern medical science. It has only been done, so far as I know or believe, by my special treatment. No reputable physician now pretends that any combination of stomach medication will drive the consumption germs out of the lungs. Hypodermic injections of Koch's lymph, Edison's asepsin, goats' blood, asses' serum and other nostrums of that ilk are equally worthless, and more harmful. Such blood-poisoning experiments, instead of curing the lung disease, make it worse, and serve only to hasten its progress to a fatal issue.

Lung diseases are curable only by local treatment of the lungs, and inhalation is the only means by which local treatment can be applied to the lungs. Inhalation of antiseptic germicides was first discovered by me and successfully applied in consumption and other lung diseases. I am the Father of the doctrine that consumption is a local disease of the lungs, and the founder of its local treatment by medicated air inhalations. This method of treatment brought the first ray of rational hope to consumptives. It is the only possible way in which medicine can be introduced into the air passages and lungs. All lung remedies must be reduced to a state of gas or vapor and breathed, because no solid or fluid medicine can be introduced into an air cavity without danger to life. The lungs are an air cavity, and by the air and through the air every curative action by medicine can be produced on the seat of every form of lung disease. My antiseptic and healing remedies enter into and form a component part of the air the patient breathes.

Since my introduction of this scientific and successful method of treating lung diseases many imitation inhaling instruments and nostrums for inhalation have been brought out, in some instances by persons without any medical knowledge or experience of lung cases. The last seems to be that anything inhaled must be a remedy. What will cure the lungs when inhaled depends on the physician's knowledge of lung diseases, his experience of the action of remedies when breathed, and his careful adaptation of them to each case. It has taken me a lifetime to learn what is best for each form and varying conditions of lung diseases, and no man can adopt my practice or apply it with success without having my experience to guide him. It is the medicines that cure, not the mere act of inhaling them. You might inhale what could do you no good, or harm instead of good, and call that inhalation treatment.

(To be Continued.)

November 15, 1897.

Signed, ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.
117 West Forty-fifth st., New York.

NOTE.—Readers of The Blade will receive Dr. Hunter's book free on applying to him at above address.

ANOTHER HOLD-UP

Near the Notorious Blue Cut, Outside of Kansas City.

Kansas City, Nov. 13.—The Missouri Pacific passenger train known as the St. Louis fast mail, which leaves Kansas City at 9 p. m., was held up by five masked robbers at 9:30 o'clock last night at the Chicago & Alton crossing just east of Independence, Mo., and less than a mile from the famous Blue Cut, in which three train robberies have occurred within the past year.

Two of the robbers were disguised as women, and when the engineer saw them swinging a lantern across the tracks, an apparent signal of accident, he did not hesitate to stop. The entire crew were entirely covered with revolvers. Conductor O'Brien and Brakeman McMichael stepped out to see what was the matter, and were greeted with a volley of bullets which at once caused the greatest confusion in the coaches. The conductor and brakeman were compelled to cut the express and baggage car from the rest of the train, and the engineer and fireman were made to get down from the cab. The robbers quickly jumped aboard and took the engine and express car about two miles further east, where they stopped and compelled Express Messenger Williams to open his car.

He offered no resistance as he carried no treasure. The robbers had evidently intended to stop the St. Louis limited night express, which leaves Kansas City at a later hour, and were greatly surprised upon discovering that the cars which they had captured contained nothing of value. In their rage they pounced upon the express messenger and went through his pockets, but $2.85 was all they secured. After this they quickly left the train and disappeared in the darkness. After a delay of over an hour, the train got together again, and was started on its journey.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

Suggested as Proper Person to Succeed McKenna.

New York, Nov. 13.—It is considered likely that Joseph H. Choate will enter President McKinley's cabinet as attorney general. If he does, it will be as the representative of the independent element in the Republican party in New York state.

Mr. Choate's name has been presented to the President for the post to be vacated by Attorney General McKenna, who is to take Justice Field's place on the supreme court bench. It has been under consideration by Mr. McKinley and his most intimate advisers for several days, and if the expectations of those who are urging it are not disappointed Mr. Choate's appointment will be made public possibly as early as next Monday.

Those representative independent Republicans who predict the selection of Mr. Choate for the vacancy in the cabinet, say that the President will take this method of indicating his desire to recognize the element in the party which has stood out against the domination of the Platt organization. They point out that in no way could he more forcefully and unmistakably place the seal of his disapproval upon the methods which, they say, has brought disaster to the party in this state already and threaten its total disruption if persisted in.

CLARK LAW INVALID.

It Gave Soldiers Preference to Appointment to Office.

Columbus, O., Nov. 16.—The Supreme Court to-day held the Clark law of April 3, 1896, invalid. This law provided that in appointing to public offices in county or municipality preference must be given to regularly discharged Union soldiers. It is known as the Clark law, and Senator Clark, of Cleveland, was its author.

The case in which the decision was given came from Wooster, state ex rel Edward Keyser vs. P. S. Blosser et al., commissioners of Wayne county. Keyser was candidate for appointment as superintendent of court house, and commissioners appointed another, not an old soldier, over him. Commissioners answered and Keyser demurred to answer, but court sustained it as demurrer to his petition, dismissing petition at Keyser's costs. There will be per curiain report of decision.

New Gold Fields Discovered.

Perth, West Australia, Nov. 15.—An alluvial gold field has been discovered thirty eight miles from Kurnalpi. Gold seekers are obtaining about a half ounce daily each.

Old Temperance Worker Dead.

New York, Nov. 16.—Albert Wilcox, a well-known abolition and temperance worker, is dead at Saratoga, N. Y., aged 87 years.

JOHN B. KETCHAM DEAD.

Former Toledoan's Death in Chicago Stirs Things.

Chicago, Nov. 16.—John B. Ketcham, millionaire and prominent in social circles, died early Sunday morning at 3421 Indiana avenue. According to the statements of a woman who claims to have married him September 24 the entire fortune of the capitalist has been made over to her absolutely by his last will. Friends and relatives of Mr. Ketcham, when told last night of the circumstances of his death, expressed surprise to learn of his recent conjugal experience.

Mr. Ketcham's second wife, from whom he was divorced in October, 1896, on a settlement of $100,000, lives in Toledo, O. When she was permitted by the court to assume her maiden name of Nettie Poe she relinquished all claims to his estate. Mr. Ketcham's brothers and mother, who reside in the East, are spoken of as the possible contestants of the documents by which the estate is said to have been left to his last wife.

Mrs. Ketcham No. 3 has lived at 3421 Indiana avenue for three years and has been known among her neighbors as Mrs. Mabel Wallace, widow of J. Wallace. She is really the widow of James R. Walkup, of Emporia, Kan., from whom she inherited $8,000,000. She was arrested for his murder by poison, but was acquitted.

OHIO'S FINANCES.

State a Quarter Million Richer Than a Year Ago.

Columbus, O., Nov. 16.—Ohio is financially over a quarter of a million better off than this time last year. Monday, Nov. 15, was the end of the state fiscal year. The balance struck at 6 o'clock last evening between the books of State Auditor Guilbert and State Treasurer Campbell shows the general revenue fund to contain $451,600. At last year's settlement this fund, which is the proper basis of comparison for receipts and expenditures, contained $190,547.77, so that the general revenue fund is now the richer by 255,052.23.

The total balance sheets show: General revenue fund, $451,600; sinking fund, $149,751.16; common school fund, $7,200,02; total cash on hand, $764,-498.96; of this sum $123,122.33 was paid in yesterday, the largest items being $74,206.55 of excise tax collections; $25,-954.34 penitentiary earnings; and $12,-866.42 fees of secretary of state's office, the last two amounts being receipts of the last quarter.

TRADUCERS OF KANSAS

Receive Attention From Gov. Leedy in Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Topeka, Kan., Nov. 13.—Governor Leedy did not refrain from hitting the traducers of Kansas in his Thanksgiving proclamation issued. He said:

"After seven years of self-denial our people have so reduced their enormous indebtedness that last their liabilities bear a reasonable ration to the resources. The attacks upon this state, to which it has been so long subject, have been discontinued, and the reputation of Kansas is again as good as its character always has been. For these blessings let us return thanks to the Great Author of the universe, Who watched over and guided our fathers when they established on the western prairies the foundations of our state.

"In the day of our rejoicing let our people not forget the poor and needy of the great cities and of foreign countries, but send up our petition that the Giver of all Good things may enable them to be as self-reliant, as self-supporting, and as self-respecting as are the citizens of His commonwealth in Kansas."

ENGAGEMENT BROKEN.

Because Young George Pullman Was Disinherited.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—The engagement between George M. Pullman, jr., and Miss Felicite Oglesby, daughter of ex-Gov. Oglesby, is broken.

This announcement was formally made yesterday by the Pullmans, although it had been expected ever since the knowledge became public that Mr. Pullman had disinherited his two sons. It is understood that the engagement was broken by Mrs. Pullman.

At the time of the engagement young Pullman was believed to be heir to some of the many millions his father possessed. Miss Oglesby has many accomplishments, and was congratulated by her friends on her prospective brilliant future, but many had predicted that the marriage would never take place.

TOO HAZARDOUS.

Canadian Insurance Companies Reject Gold Seekers.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 15.—Toronto life insurance companies have taken a decided stand in respect to persons who intend journeying to the Yukon gold fields. Gold hunters who have no life insurance policies will not be able to get them now.

Both the accident and life companies have in most cases united in this, although there may be instances where risks would be accepted under exceptional circumstances.

Sixty persons from Hamilton, Ont., intend going out in the spring and asked a Toronto company to quote them insurance rates. The company refused to do so and publicly defined its policy, to which practically all its competitors have given adherence.

LARGE REDUCTION

In the Yearly Profits of Monte Carlo—Thirty-Five Suicides.

New York, Nov. 15.—A London cable to the Tribune says:

The Budget, of Monte Carlo, shows that the profits for the year ending on October 31 were 5,000,000 francs below those of the previous year. No reasons are assigned for this falling off. The bank's outlays include 2,000,000 francs to the Prince of Monaco; police and grounds, 1,500,000 francs; salaries, 1,-000,000 francs; orchestra and sports, 800,000 francs; payments to ruined gamblers, 100,000 francs, and for the prevention of suicides, 100,000 francs. The number of suicides during the year footed up 35 persons.

MISSION IN ALASKA

Quietly Established by Bishop McCabe While the Rush Was On.

Philadelphia, Nov. 13.—Bishop Charles McCabe caused considerable surprise among the members of the general missionary committee of the Methodist church when he announced that he had established an Alaskan mission. He said he had borrowed $400 and sent a missionary into Alaska, and that the latter was now ministering to the spiritual wants of the gold diggers. He asked for $1,600 to enable him to continue the work in Alaska. The request was referred to a special committee.

PROSPERITY.

Every Blast Furnace in the Pittsburg District in Operation.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 12.—For the first time in over three years every blast furnace in Allegheny county is in operation. In addition to this more furnaces are in operation here than ever before for the past summer saw four new plants completed and placed in active work. The delay output of smelted iron in this county now is approximated 10,000 tons.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

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Price 25c per box. Sold by all druggists or by mail. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York.

SMUGGLING DISCOVERED.

Extensive Operations in Sneaking Phenacetine In From Canada.

Port Huron, Mich., Nov. 15.—Customs officers have unearthed what promises to prove extensive operations in phenacetine smuggling. Nearly 500 ounces of the drug were confiscated Sunday. It was found at the home of a Mrs. Frazer. Two men are under arrest. A New York firm receives royalty on all the phenacetine brought into the country. The smugglers avoid this, besides the duty of 60 per cent.

Markets and Crops.

THE TRADE REPORTS.

Cold Snap Helps the Distribution of Winter Goods.

New York, Nov. 13.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Colder and more stormy weather so long needed to accelerate distribution of winter goods has materially helped in some quarters, and the resulting improvement in retail trade is mentioned in nearly every northern despatch this week, so that orders to fill stock have been encouraging and in some branches the multitude of demands for immediate delivery show that the distribution to consumers has already gone much beyond the expectation of dealers. But this is not yet a general rule, and with many complaints of delayed trade from other quarters there still remains the extensive shrinkage caused by fever and quarantine at the South. It is, therefore, the more surprising that the volume of all payments through clearing houses continues about as large as 1892 and 14.7 per cent. larger than last year. Railroad earnings also nearly equal those of 1892 for the first week of November, and half the mileage in the United States reporting earnings is 8,554,-496, or 8 per cent. larger than last year and 2.2 per cent. larger than 1892. Speculative markets feel disappointment because prices do not rise farther and faster, but it is fortunate for producers and dealers that the experience of some past years in that respect has not been repeated.

There is nothing to cause general reaction, the purchasing power of the people is gradually increasing and after the bull which follows the extensive replenishment of stocks, trade should give ample evidence of that increase.

The output of iron furnaces November 1 was 213,519 tons weekly against 200,-129 October 1, a gain of 6.1 per cent, and unsold stocks decreased 48,880 tons in October, indicating a larger consumption in manufactures than ever before. The enormous output with some furnaces started in November caused but a slight decline in Bessemer to $10.25 in Pittsburg, with no decline in other pig either at the East or at Chicago, and no fall in prices of finished products except a shade in ingots. While most works have orders for the rest of the year and in sheets and some other branches are far behind in deliveries, new orders are few.

Woolen mills generally have orders for three months ahead and are seeking further engagements. Large sales of speculative lots of wool at prices not stated suggest that it may be lower before the mills need further orders. A year ago the price began to advance with heavy speculation, and has risen 59 per cent. without reaction in quotations, while the rise in goods averages but 14 per cent. The decline in cotton and the slow demand for goods, owing in part to warm weather, have led cotton mills to confer about curtailment of production. Cotton declined an eighth to 5.87 cents for middling uplands, and both exports and takings of spinners have been large.

Wheat dropped over 2 cents a bushel, and has risen as much with heavy buying for export. Western receipts continue heavy in two weeks 14,028,907 bushels, against 10,581,192 last year, while Atlantic exports, flour included, have been 6,552,025 bushels against 3,-921,231 last year. An English authority reckons the world's yield at 161,000,000 bushels less than last year, which would mean a market for all this country has to spare.

Corn exports are again larger than last year, and the price has risen 1¾ cents. Later prices of meats do not indicate that farmers have as yet much inducement to save corn for feeding.

Failures for the week have been 291 in the United States against 271 last year, and 24 in Canada against 46 last year.

MICHIGAN WHEAT.

Condition and Acreage Shown in Monthly Report.

Lansing, Mich., Nov. 10.—The monthly crop report issued by the secretary of state says:

The average condition of wheat on November 1 was in the southern counties, 75; central, 88; northern, 103; and state, 82, comparison being with vitality and growth of average years. The condition in the southern counties, where 85 per cent of the crop is grown, is 13 per cent lower than one year ago. The average condition in the state in previous years has been: 1896, 90; 1895, 78; 1894, 94; 1893, 89; 1892, 87, and 1891, 91.

The estimates indicate that the area seeded to wheat this fall is 6 per cent greater than sowed in the fall of 1896. The estimated excess in the southern counties is 4 per cent, in the central 6 per cent, and in the northern 15 per cent.

The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed by farmers since the 1897 crop was published is 1,962,-963, and in the three months August, September and October, 5,597,965. This is 2,198,821 bushels more than reported marketed in the same months last year.

The average yield of corn per acre in the state is estimated at 61 bushels of ears, equal to about 30 bushels of shelled corn. The estimate for the southern counties is 60, central 63, and northern 61 bushels of ears. The average for the state is three bushels lower than made October 1.

The area of clover seed harvested is large, at least much larger than in any late year, and the estimated average yield higher than ever yet reported in the farm statistics. The yield in the state is estimated at 1.92 bushels, in the southern counties at 1.87, central, 2.16, and northern, 2 bushels per acre.

Potatoes are estimated to yield in the state 64 per cent of an average crop. The estimate for the southern counties is 60, central, 63, northern, 85, and upper peninsula, 96 per cent.

COTTON CROP.

Department Report On the Yield and Its Condition.

Washington, Nov. 12.—Preliminary reports to the statistician of the department of agriculture indicate an average yield of 181.9 pounds of cotton per acre. The principal state averages are as follows: North Carolina, 184; South Carolina, 189; Georgia, 178; Alabama, 155; Mississippi, 220; Louisiana, 245; Texas, 165; Arkansas, 215; Tennessee, 132; Oklahoma, 225; Indian Territory, 300.

In the main the crop has been picked in excellent condition, the weather having been highly favorable. There is not the slightest apparent disposition on the part of the department's large corps of correspondents to overestimate the effect of unfavorable conditions during the growing season or to conceal or minimize the importance of such conditions as have been favorable and while the figures now published are subject to revision in the final report, they are believed to approximately represent the actual condition of the crop.

Argentine Harvest Good.

London, Nov. 15.—A dispatch to the Times from Buenos Ayres says that frost has damaged the harvest in the Argentine Republic at least 10 per cent. The correspondent at Vaipariaso, Chili, says the harvest of cereals will be a third greater than it was last year, while crops of all kinds promise above the average.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Tuesday Evening, Nov. 16, 1897.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 16.	Nov. 9.
U. S. 4's (new) coupons	127¾	127
U. S. 4's (new) registered	127¾	127
U. S. 5's coupons	114¾	114
U. S. 5's registered	114¾	114
U. S. 4's coupons	113¾	113¾
U. S. 4's registered	113¾	113¾
U. S. 2's registered	98¾	98¾
Pacific 6's of '95	102¾	102¾

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

Wheat started at about yesterday's closing prices and remained steady. Cables were steady. Paris being unchanged, while Liverpool was 1d better. Reported approaching cold wave advanced the markets a little soon after the opening, but they eased on the liberal Northwestern receipts as compared with last year for the corresponding time. The trade was confined within narrow limits, and as there was no news to influence prices sharply either up or down, prices did not vary more than ¼c during the entire forenoon. At noon the markets were a little firmer, with but little change as compared with yesterday.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Dec.	Open.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	94¾	94¾	94¾	94¾
Chicago	94¾	95	94	94
New York	95¾	95¾	95¾	95¾
St. Louis	89¾	90	89¾	89¾

At Chicago November wheat was worth 93¾c; May, 90¼c; highest, 90¾c; lowest, 88¾c; close, 89¾c. At New York May wheat opened at 93c bid, fell to 92¾c, rose to 93¾c, and closed at 92¾c.

Liverpool wheat closed steady and unchanged to ½d lower.

A New York dispatch says: A Buenos Ayres dispatch to the Herald says the coming wheat crop of Argentine will provide at least one million tons for export.

Prime says: No relief from drought. Can be no more winter wheat seeding outside of Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas. Winter wheat acreage reduced. Crops needed rain. Says late very large part not up, and where up growth very small. Reserve winter wheat in farmers hands by no means extensive, and not likely to be more than one-third about country crops. Fully 75 per cent of corn crop housed and in good condition.

Beerbohm cable: Advices from Argentine on the crop are less favorable.

Primary receipts of Wheat, 1,445,000 bushels; same time last year, 583,000. Shipments, 507,000; same time last year, 379,000. Receipts of corn, 344,000 bushels; same time last year, 850,000. Shipments, 451,000 bushels; same time last year, 368,000.

London telegram, Broomhall, of the Corn Trade News, estimates the European wheat crops at 400 million quarters, against 385 millions last year. The deficiency, when compared with the famine year of 1891, is ten million quarters. The aggregate production and reserves he estimates 25 million quarters short of requirements.

Receipts in the Northwest: Whe